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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Society Women and the Stage—Mrs. Potter's Future—A Prattler Who Can Fill Her Pocketbook—Margaret Mather's Marriage—A Triumph of Management—A Play Built Round One Situation—An Analysis of Walda Lamar—Its Complications and Its Absurdities—Zelie de Lussan's Cork Leg.

We are now, you will observe, getting the regulation bulletins by cable through the daily papers of Mrs. Brown Potter's professional movements. There is possible objection to be made by the profession itself to her choice, if she can act. There is, on the other hand, good reason to welcome ladies from society into the ranks of dramatic workers if they are ambitious and clever, for the stage is too often recruited from an idle, ignorant and adventurous class.

But Mrs. Potter's agents, and presumably Mrs. Potter herself, depends more upon society than upon talent and honesty of purpose for her success on the stage. Else would she not go straight to the Prince of Wales, as she evidently has done. We are informed by cable that her triumph is assured—because the Prince is her devoted friend. "I have authority for saying," cables the *World* correspondent, "that Mrs. Potter's engagement at the Haymarket has been made on the advice of the Prince."

He might have added, if he had been frank, that "it is confidently expected here that the Prince's patronage will enable her to make a hundred thousand dollars, irrespective of her talents, when she returns to the United States."

You see the "Prince of Wales snap" punctured the professional sincerity. We at once begin to suspect that Mrs. Potter does not depend upon her talent; has no confidence in her ability.

The question comes up right here—if the Prince of Wales' patronage ensures success on the professional stage, how about the earnest and gifted women who cannot secure his patronage—and wouldn't if they could?

Professional advancement altogether a matter of favoritism?

Luckily for professional actresses, this question is answered in the affirmative only by women who do not expect to depend on their abilities, and preserve throughout a most chilling contempt for the public to whom they pretend to appeal.

I had the opportunity to hear Mrs. Brown Potter once. She recited. I also saw her play a part. She did not impress me with her beauty or her talents. She carried with her the air of a spoiled favorite, who could do or not do many things with impunity. And her circle of admirers corroborated the impression she created.

Now I hear her again. She is three thousand miles away. But a newspaper correspondent is interviewing her, and this is what she says:

"My contract was drawn by Mr. George Lewis. It ought to be a good one, oughtn't it? Everyone thinks it covers him with glory and fills my pocketbook!"

Sic sit ad astra!

There is no doubt that such a Prattler can fill her pocketbook.

But can a full pocketbook establish her fame as an actress?

A hundred women of indifferent fame will rise up and with one voice answer, "Yes."

The marriage, without cards, of Margaret Mather rounds up with matrimony an unusually successful career as a star. I don't think Miss Mather quite fulfilled the promise of her debut, outside of New England. She is not as great histriionically as some of us expected she would be, and I cannot help feeling that her pecuniary success was owing as much to her manager as to her ability. Mr. J. M. Hill thoroughly believed in her, and what is more, he made all the people between Bangor and Bridgeport believe in her, too.

But she reached her zenith a year ago; it was evident then to the shrewdest of her critics that she could get no farther. It will be a long time before she gets another manager to build Romeo and Juliet for her as Mr. Hill did.

I cannot help thinking that were she to stop now and go into stage history, she would appear there as a triumph of management.

Her one great merit was the power of expressing amatory passion. She shone in mad love scenes like a peony, where Mary Anders-

son glistened like a camelia. But she lacked intellectual breadth. The individuality she gave to her work was a matter of temperament, not of character.

Speaking of Mather—who can hardly be said to have made herself—rather to have been made by contract—brings up her antithesis—the woman who depends wholly upon herself.

And that woman produced on Monday night a new play at the Lyceum.

The intelligent first-night audience which always comes to this house to give its respect and hearty good wishes to the woman who has done so much for good taste, was sorely puzzled in judgment at Walda Lamar.

It was so thoroughly French in its construction, in its ethical motive and in its moral, that Mr. Henry Wertheimer did not have to tell us where he got it.

It is built round one situation—and I suppose you know that a Frenchman always lays

woman tells her the truth, and she starts for the wedding, arriving at the chateau just before the ceremony begins. She stalks into the drawing-room and demands to see the Duke. This personage comes to her tremblingly. He is terribly frightened. He is brave enough to consummate a wrong, but not strong enough to assert it. The passionate strength of the outraged woman borrows its effectiveness from his weakness. He appeals to her, he explains, he swears that he loves her but is compelled to take this step. She is implacable, vindictive, violent, because she loves him. She talks about a "higher law"—namely the law of vengeance, which was made by God, and believes that in some barbaric and inscrutable way it is one of the inalienable rights of

fixes upon him the crime of attempting her life, and falls into the tableau.

Here the second act ends.

What there is in this exhibition of vindictive selfishness that wins the Duke I could not see. But win him it does. He was capable of loving one woman and deserting her for another. He wasn't even frank enough to tell her the truth. He seemed to think in the first act that the responsibilities of his family's social position were of more weight than his manhood or his conscience. So it isn't strange perhaps that in the third act he should be won to tenderness and forgiveness by the woman's attempt to kill herself. Uncontrollable violence is often mistaken for deep-seated affection by playwrights.

The would-be suicide doesn't die. She recovers. The second act ends with the suspicion of murder hanging over the Duke. The third act goes on with the victim recovering,

There is one thing that turns this stony-hearted pagan into a woman at the last moment.

What do you suppose it is?

It is the ruched dress of Miss Ida Vernon. When the mother of the Duke is let in, gorgeous in her sorrow, and poses in inarticulate grief, it is too much for Walda. She takes in the costume and the pose, and breaks down. "This, this," she mutters between her sobs, "is more than I bargained for." Ida Vernon closes her eyes as if about to swoon. Walda's heart is touched. She is born again. She exonerates the Duke. Then the Duchess exclaims, "My daughter!" and Walda cries "Mother!" and prepares to leave. The Duke says "Stay. I have learned to love you. That exhibition of character with the dagger, and your strength of mind in trying to have me executed as a murderer, have torn the scales from my eyes. Walda, I love you!"

Walda looks at him with unmistakable eloquence. Her heart says: "I knew it. I felt it. If one will only carry Heaven's decrees of vengeance far enough, love will reign."

Some narrow-minded spectators of this French exposition of morals were stupid enough to ask what becomes of the wrong inflicted on the poor little bride!

These people are unreasonable. They ought to be able to see that if the Duke once set out to act from a sense of right that he would have to marry both the women, and he couldn't do that, now could he, even in a French play?

You see the playwright's mistake is in supposing the audience's sympathies will go out to a woman who takes the law into her own hands.

The fact is, the sympathy of the audience lingered after the play with the little woman who took off her orange-blossoms and went away in silence and in sorrow and wasn't heard of any more.

For she was the only really innocent victim in the plot.

In this drama Miss Dauvray stepped from comedy to passion, and her impersonations of the impulsive pagan had many points of strong merit. I was very much struck with her delineation of a reckless and determined woman's impulse and impatience in the second act, when the Duke's friend is trying to coax her to abandon her purpose. I think that little bit is worth studying if you want to see how good an artist Miss Dauvray is. She doesn't reason. She doesn't even listen. But, woman-like, she closes every faculty of her mind with a slam, and fixes her apprehension on her wrong, without a word. "Talk on," she seems to say; "I do not hear you. I have no ears, no regrets, no reason—only one impulse."

In the scene of the attempted suicide she won the audience completely and was recalled several times.

I felt a little sorry for Salvini in the part of the Duke. The character is an unworthy one, and not even so fine an actor as Salvini can do much with a role that is without a conviction. A good square villain is as essential to art as is an honest hero. But a man who is neither one nor the other, and who muddles the eternal canons of right and wrong—being a poltroon in his honesty and a milksop in his villainy—is simply intolerable.

I have heard that a certain order of men, car drivers for example, do now and then make their wives love them by using a table leg or a poker. The police court continually puts in evidence the fact that masculine violence does not always lessen a woman's affection for a man. But outside of Walda Lamar I have no reliable information that violence in a woman excites a tender affection in the masculine heart.

Miss Dauvray will not suffer from the criticisms of this play. The one situation of it is a triumph of production and acting. And the mere fact that she continues to produce new plays, accepting the risks of authorship and vindicating her own enterprise and ability in spite of the mistakes of authors, places her in the front rank of intelligent theatre workers who continually give us something to talk about and almost always something to admire.

NYM CRINKLE.



LILLY GRUBB.

down a cornerstone before erecting a play. Having postulated a crisis, he then proceeds, with very little regard to the logic of events or the laws of right or wrong, to ornament his structure and achieve effectiveness.

Walda Lamar will not bear close analysis. The playwright, being a constructor and not a philosopher, succeeded only in being effective, not in being true or even sagacious.

You are required to give your sympathy to Walda, who is drawn as a vindictive pagan woman, actuated by a love for the Duke de St. Germain, which love is of the outworn and savage kind that attempts to consummate itself with hate.

The Duke professes to love her; she believes him and sincerely loves him in return. But family affairs compel him to break off the amour and marry a girl in society. He bids her fare-well without telling her the truth, and goes home to the wedding. An envious

be the injustice of heaven—she attempts to kill herself. He seizes her, wrests the dagger from her, but only after she has struck it into her breast. The wedding guests, bride and family then rush in to find her dying and the Duke standing over her with the bloody weapon in his hand.

This is the great situation of the play.

They lift her up and beg of her to say, before she expires, who did it. For a moment the strange compound of violence and passion which she calls love is abeyant. She cannot with her dying breath commit so great an infamy as to charge an innocent man with the crime. Her eyes rove over the group of terror-stricken people and fall upon the bride, arrayed for the wedding. That settles it. It is not a question of ethics at all; it is a question of millinery. The white dress of the bride determines this heroine's action. She lifts her finger, and, pointing at the Duke,

but the penalty unremoved. Everything depends upon the woman's exoneration. If she will only say she did it herself. Her silence appears to fill the Duke with a holy and chastened desire to marry her.

He reasons in this way: "A woman who will kill herself whenever she cannot have her own way, is too precious to love. I haven't appreciated her, by half. Besides, it would be unmanly in me to ask her to tell the truth. That I can never do."

But his friends urge her to tell it. She looks at them implacably. "Let justice take its course," she heroically remarks, without the faintest idea of what justice is, or how it would affect the play if it took its course. Her notion is that justice is the consecration of a lie with a dagger. They appeal to her to save the Duke. But it doesn't occur to them that she has saved him by not dying.

P. S.—The story in the Sunday *Saw* about the Boston Ideals, which contained the startling insinuation that Zelie de Lussan refused to appear in tights because she has knock-knees, is worthy of my friend "The Champion Squibbist." The fact is Zelie has a cork leg, as anybody but a champion squibbist could see with half an eye, when she danced in Vienna the Bluestocking. The Boston Ideals went to

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pieces because new wine was put into old bottles. On the Zelie nights the entire population wanted to go to the theatre. On the other nights the entire population wanted to go somewhere else. This is the effect of a cork leg. If the other prima donnas in the company had only been possessed of cork legs and voices there would have been no trouble. The Boston Ideals was an old bottle. Zelie was the new wine.

N. C.

At the Theatres.

LYCEUM THEATRE—WALDA LAMAR.
Paul de St. Germain..... Alexander Salvini
Andre de Latour..... E. H. Sothern
Romansville..... J. W. Pigott
Count de Valdaire..... J. E. Whiting
Chevalier de Monval..... William Vernon
Vladimir T.... J. F. Brien
Mme. Leocq..... G. F. De Vere
Adele Ragnier..... Adeline Stanhope
Duchess de St. Germain..... Ida Vernon
Louise de Valdaire..... Edna Leahy

One oyster doesn't make a stew, one swallow a summer, or one situation a play. But Henri Wertheimber thought differently when he ransacked the French drama to build Walda Lamar. Perhaps he has amended his judgment since the first-night jury brought in their verdict. There is this to say for Mr. Wertheimber, that something like a presentation of the decision must have oppressed his soul, for he didn't come near the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night, and Miss Dauvray, without being asked to do so, appeared between the acts and told the people that nervousness kept him away.

Whatever else may be said of Miss Dauvray's work, it is at least considered of so much interest that her *premieres* draw possibly the most select and refined gatherings to be found under the roof of a metropolitan theatre. She seems to have won the support of the upper ten, and in that exalted patronage she finds encouragement and applause beyond her individual deserts as an actress.

It is strange to observe how the artistic defects of a professional are allowed to pass unnoticed when that professional combines managing with acting. Conscientious and liberal effort in the former cloaks every sort of dramatic sin in the latter, when the experimental stage is passed. It has been so in the cases of Charles Kean, Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett, and it is so in a comparatively humble way with Miss Dauvray. The actor, no matter about his faults, who can enter the field of management, armed with pluck, persistence and the mighty dollar, is more than likely finally to edge his way into popularity.

Walda Lamar is such a peculiarly bad play that its demolition does not require the expenditure of much critical ammunition. It has one strong situation, which in the hands of Modjeska would be dramatically impressive, but which Miss Dauvray is unequal to. It is where the heroine, who has cream of Tartar blood in her fierce young veins, finding her noble lover false and about to be married to a sweet young thing in sun's veiling, stabs herself and by a gesture accuses the aforesaid recalcitrant of the crime. This is novel, if not natural. She does it because she loves him. Great love makes great sacrifices, but we are asked to believe that Walda's devotion to Paul is noble and not lustful. Her scheme smacks more of the enraged French courtesan than the self-sacrificing woman. And how Paul, after this exhibition of vengeful passion, can give Walda his heart and hand is only conceivable in the mind of a French author. But Paul is a whimpering cad. He is no better than Walda, and she is no better than she ought to be.

Indeed, Mr. Wertheimber introduces us into very bad society generally. All his characters save one—and that a minor one—are unpleasant specimens of the human kind. Paul is a coward as well as a cad; Walda is a creature whose lust is greater than her love; Adele is a scheming prostitute; Andre is a liar and an accomplice in Paul's double villainy; Romaville is barefaced Jeremy Diddler; the Count sees his daughter jilted for a discarded mistress without a murmur, and De Monval is a co-conspirator with Adele.

Could anything more unsavory be imagined? Nothing, unless it be the dialogue and the generally unwholesome atmosphere of the play. The lines are a fair imitation of Dumas. They abound in sophistry, cheap philosophy and the utter artificiality that betokens a false view of French society and its customs. Not one of the characters is made to utter a sincere thought or to display the slightest degree of delicacy or fine feeling. A man is allowed to talk with his mistress about his feelings for the reigning favorite, to deceive her and then grovel at her feet, to cast off his pure and innocent fiancée and marry the violent woman that has frightened him into something weakly approximating love for her. False—all false—from the inception. The construction of the piece is extraordinary. There are eighteen characters, and twelve of them are wholly superfluous. Many of them are brought on for one scene or act and then disappear entirely. The first act gives promise because we have not yet penetrated the pugnacious stupidity of the plot; the second act is enlivened by the situation before described, and the third drops into wild absurdity.

A more inconsistent, incomplete and uninteresting play than Walda Lamar we have not seen in a long while, and our experience has been large.

Miss Dauvray was unable to present herself in a hysterical rôle. She is not an emotional

actress. Her bouncing walk denotes the soubrette; her attempts to portray the passions of love, hate and revenge remind one of a comedienne trying unsuccessfully to be serious. And that is exactly the situation. Miss Dauvray is essentially a comedienne. Her emotional flights are serio-comic. See can no more rise to the height of feeling required than her diminutive figure can expand to a commanding degree. She does not stir the heart, for she cannot. She merely ruffles her feathers and strives to stand on her toes. Of course Miss Dauvray manifests intelligence. She cannot help doing that even when she is completely out of her element. When Lotta can play Miss Multon and Annie Pixley becomes Lady Macbeth we will then accept Miss Dauvray as something else than a mixture of soubrette and comedienne. She was painstaking and earnest, at all events. It is not her fault that nature designed her for laughing purposes—it is her fate, and we are not sorry either, for there are enough women on the boards who can tear their hair and harrow our feelings artistically, and we are grateful for stray rays of sunshine like Miss Dauvray.

Mr. Salvini was most ungratefully placed. He acted Paul probably as well as anybody could act an alleged hero that is positively unmanly and unsympathetic. Mr. Sothern was honest and effective as Andre—the most satisfactory work of the evening. Mr. Pigott excited our commiseration, as anybody must who is put on to be funny without any material to be funny with. Adele, the actress, introduced Miss Stanhope to the Lyceum stage. She is a fine-looking woman, with a broad, dramatic style, and her efforts were so satisfactory in the first act that we were sorry to find that she had nothing more to do, a candle having overturned in her dressing-room at the Odeon, and forced her to remain in hospital until Walda's amour was ready to be enacted on Tuesday night. Miss Vernon gave a conventional picture of the stage mother with a large supply of sobs on hand to be pumped up, as occasion required. The play was charmingly equipped in the scenic way.

WINDSOR THEATRE—DOLLARS AND DIMES,
Captain Patrick O'Shaughnessy... Charles Bowser
Frank O'Neill..... Edward Poland
Elliot Craven..... Leighton Baker
Gerald Goldheart..... J. F. Brien
Dennis O'Rafferty..... Thomas Q. Seabrook
Gaffer Giles, aged eighty..... George M. Kidder
Blossom Brown, Mrs. Gray..... Helen McElroy
Editor, "The Professor's"..... Blanche Plunkett
Nellie, [Daughter]..... Alice Gray
Margold M. May, from Massachusetts..... Elvia Croz

Only a fair audience greeted Charles Bowser and his company in Dollars and Dimes at the Windsor Theatre on Monday. The play is a conventional British melodrama that has been tampered with in an effort to introduce a star part. The scene of the prologue—changed from the original—is laid in New York City, in the counting-room of Goldheart and Craven, merchants. Craven, the wicked partner, has designs upon the wife of Goldheart. The husband has just arrived from a long business trip abroad. Craven has done some jugglery with the correspondence between husband and wife, and made it appear that the former is faithless. He induces Mrs. Goldheart to elope with him, leaving two children behind. He also robs and bankrupts his partner. The wife has no guilty motive in eloping, and in the sequel is shown never to have sinned. Act I. is Harbor Hall, Devonshire, the residence of Patrick O'Shaughnessy, a retired Irish sea-captain. (Twelve years elapse between prologue and Act I.) A kind-hearted, middle-aged American lady, known as Mrs. Gray, is the Captain's housekeeper. Near by lives a family consisting of a father, two daughters and a serving maid—a Yankee girl from Massachusetts. The father is known as "The Professor," and there is a mystery about the family. Craven appears upon the scene with designs upon the Captain's pocketbook and upon the honor of one of the Professor's daughters. He is suddenly confronted by Mrs. Gray, and then each learns that the other was not lost in the wreck of the ship in which they had embarked. In the complications that ensue the villain is of course balked at every turn; the Captain's pocketbook is untouched; the honor of the girl is saved; the wife's honor is found to be unimpaired; the villain is killed; husband (the Professor) and wife are re-united, and the curtailed descends with the giving in marriage of the Professor's elder daughter to the Captain's nephew and the Yankee serving-maid to Denis, the Captain's serving-man.

The ballet was well drilled, and the principals, while not of the first or even second rank, seemed to please the observers of their graceful gyrations. Their costumes were clean and attractive, but the dresses of the coryphées would be the better for washing. Some of the tights were palpably darned and all of them looked unclean. The Kiralfy appear to have an aversion to needless expenditures on soap and friction. The scenery has become very shabby, and so The Ratcatcher, taken as an entirety, presents a cheap and faded appearance. Next week, W. J. Scanlan will be seen in *Shane na Lawn*.

Dockstader's present bill is a source of hearty enjoyment. It contains many clever features. The permanency of this establishment is assured. Good taste and liberality have placed it upon a substantial footing.

Jim the Penman will run at the Madison Square until May. Its hold upon the public fancy is most tenacious. The strength of the play, the collective excellence of the cast and the unexceptionable tone of the production form an unfailing topic of discussion among play-goers.

There is no star part in the drama. Captain O'Shaughnessy is not prominent enough, although no doubt the part has been elaborated. In the original it was probably an eccentric bit of comedy. Mr. Bowser struggled through it, and occasionally made a good point and roused the audience to laughter or applause. His acting and make-up were excellent, but his Irish dialect was only fair. Helen Blythe played the sorrowing wife with great effect, especially in the scene with her daughters, where she implores them to recognize her as their mother, and also in the reconciliation scene with her husband. J. F. Brien, in a Silver-Kingship make-up, was dignified and quietly forceful as Gerald Goldheart (the Professor). His scenes with his daughters were invested with tenderness, and with his wife and the villain with much power. Leighton Baker did earnest work in the part of Craven, and made it sufficiently villainous to invoke him. Thomas Q. Seabrook

for the boys" out of the conventional Irish part of Dennis O'Rafferty, deeply in love with Margold M. May, from Massachusetts. In this latter part a distinct hit was made by Elvia Croz, a pretty, winning little woman of the blonde type. Her gay spirits and clever comedy lit up many dull spots. But her high-kicking might be modified, and some of the slang in her lines and a "risky" speech or two cut out. As Edith, the Professor's eldest daughter, Blanche Plunkett was sympathetic and rather charming. As Nellie, the younger daughter, Alice Gray was the opposite. It must be admitted that there was considerable applause and enthusiasm as the play progressed. There were frequent recalls of the principals, and twice the whole company passed before the curtain. Next week, the Mastersons and their jolly crowd in We, Us & Co.

Certainly it is something so novel to hear absolutely distinct articulation in singing that it would be worth going to see Milton Nobles' admirable play of Love and Law at the People's Theatre this week if only for the satisfaction of hearing plainly every word of the songs. Dolly Nobles sings. We mean on the score of enunciation. Her singing voice is sweet in the lower notes, though not very strong, and she well merited the encores with which the audience greeted her. Her acting as the Italian girl Rita was natural, spirited and piquante, showing her to be possessed of the instinctive dramatic power as distinguished from mere histrionic culture. In this respect Fanny Sprague as Helen Montague may be classed as an example of ability derived rather from study than from the possession of inborn talent. Florence Vinton as Mrs. Tarbox made a very passable lady. For clever make-up and spirited mimicry really we think that Kitty O'Rourke, the Irish servant girl, as presented by May Bardell, takes the *clair*. Mary Devonport's Italian crone, Rosa, was well conceived.

The burden of the piece rests to a great extent upon Felix O'Paff, the lawyer, a part which is played by Milton Nobles in a way that seems to have a sort of magnetic influence in bringing up the whole company to "concert pitch." L. R. Willard's Sir Randall Burns does not afford much scope for acting. Septimus Sawyer, the lawyer, was satisfactorily performed by Willie B. Wright. Louis F. Howard as Giovanni Conti, the organ-grinder, was worthy of serious mention as a finished and artistic performance of a difficult part. Jasper Craddock was acted by George R. Sprague. Jennie Nipper was played by John H. Ready, and Ferdinand Hoffmeir by Max Fehrmann. The staging was good. The view of New York Bay, with the statue of Liberty as seen from Staten Island (from the brush of Henry Hoy), was a really effective. Next week, *Passing Shadows*.

The Kiralfy company presented the Ratcatcher to a crowded audience on Monday night at the Grand Opera House—indeed anything save a large gathering at this popular resort is exceptional. Hubert Wilke has made the part of Siegfried, the pied piper, quite his own, and on this occasion his dashing acting and brilliant singing gave unbounded delight to the spectators. At the end of the fourth act he was called before the curtain. With one or two exceptions the cast was wretched. One of the exceptions was Louise Meldener, who played Hilda, the Burgomaster's daughter, prettily.

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intelligent audience. But the usual number of journalistic pop-guns poured forth a fusillade of feeble arguments in favor of its popular acceptance, and we were in the minority for the time being. Now our judgment is vindicated by Mr. Wallack himself, who shows what a sham the zealously proclaimed success of the piece was by announcing its withdrawal this week. We are heartily glad for this result, because the success of a nailed-up affair like *Harbor Lights* would have indicated that public taste in New York hangs on a lower peg than we believe it does.

Mr. Mansfield's engagement at the Union Square finishes on Saturday night. Next week Agnes Herndon will produce *The Commercial Tourist's Bride*, a play in which she has been starring for several weeks.

The Skating Rink is filling in the time pleasantly at the Bijou, while rehearsals of *Big Pony* are going on. This is said to be the first attempt to introduce the American Indian into comic opera. Whether this choice of subject was made with the one idea of doing something American, or only on account of the unadorned picturesqueness of the native savage, it is hard to say. But the notion is unique, and satire cannot go much farther than the librettist has here gone in making the fighting chief of the Umbilicas import the red-handed men and fierce customs of the East to bring his tribe up to their native ferocity. *Big Pony*, who abducts an entire chorus, appears to do so with the one purpose of infusing comic opera into the reservation, and his liberal offer of money to Joseph Howard, Jr., and Mrs. Jennie June Croly to accept tepees on his happy hunting grounds shows what a keen sense of humor the advanced savage has.

A Rag Baby is the attraction this week at Niblo's and, as has been the case whenever this trifling has been presented in this city, the houses are good.

The Atheneum company of Boston furnishes the diverting specialty bill at Tony Pastor's this week.

The Musical Mirror.

Since the production of the Dutchman last week, the National Opera Company have given, up to the date of this writing, *The Huguenots*, *Faust* and *Aida*, the last at the Saturday matinee. Instead of commenting on these representations in detail, it may be well to give a general review of the subject, and examine how far the management has fulfilled the promises of its programme and justified the expectations which the public has been led by various causes to entertain.

First, as to the orchestra, it is pleasant to say again what the public knew before, that the company has handsomely kept its promise. Thomas and his band have been famous for too many years in all matters of symphonic execution to challenge our criticism or need our praise. They show, in operatic work, all their familiar virtues—finish, neatness, promptness, accuracy and spirit. In such works as *The Huguenots* or *Faust* it is a keen pleasure to listen to the accompaniments, abstractly, and purely as orchestral work. But with the virtues of a symphony conductor Thomas has some of the defects. He used to play Beethoven and Schumann a trifle faster than the received traditions. In leading an opera, he sometimes shows the contrary fault; he drags the time a little, and fails to work his singers up to the highest pitch of snap and dramatic fire. Witness, to go no further, the heavy way in which Mephisto sang his ballad on Friday under Gretchen's window. But this calmness stands him in good stead in fortissimo passages and *tutti*, when he never overtops and drowns his voices with blare of brass and crash of drum. That orchestra of "salt-box" tongs and bones, which a great poet has stigmatized as peculiar to Verdi's operas, becomes in Thomas' hands a delicate and sympathetic instrument, and in the very whirlwind of his passion he gets a temperance which may give it smoothness.

The staging was excellent. Much of the scenery, especially in *Faust* and *Aida*, was artistically good and beautiful beyond the average, and the dressing has been both rich and handsome. In the matter of stage device and machinery we have yet something to learn from European theatres. When Mephistopheles at the Kirmess draws his demon drink from the barrel-head, it is usual here to let off a sputtering little twopenny cracker, which acts and looks as unlike fluid as possible. At the Grand Opera, by a well known and beautiful physical device, a brilliant stream of blood-red wine pours into a basin, which flares up in crimson, blue and yellow in a properly fiendish way. Apparently the mechanist at the Metropolitan gave up the problem in despair, and the wine—on true total-abstinence principles—was left to the imagination. Nor should *Faust*, in order to rejuvenate himself, walk off into a corner and soberly unbutton his garments as if he thought of going to bed. There are wires and tricks for doing this better, and if we are to have optical illusion at all, it is well to do it thoroughly.

The Old Homestead has been prolonged at the Fourteenth Street Theatre beyond its originally contemplated sojourn. The delightful New England idyl has won all hearts.

The *MIRROR* was almost alone in condemning *Harbor Lights* on its production at Wallack's. We said that it was cheap and trashy and utterly unworthy the consideration of an

ance and singing make the half-dosen incompetent scarecrows of Maplesonian tradition a shuddering memory. In consideration of the curious antiseptic properties of the artistic career, as illustrated by those mossy relics, the fresh young people of Mr. Thomas' chorus may be congratulated on having before them an almost indefinite term of usefulness.

In *ensemble*, therefore, the company has fairly done what it promised. As regards individual artists, in view of the noticeable falling off of late years in the supply of really good singers, and the exorbitant prices demanded by the few who remain, it was not to be expected that the company should give opera with anything claiming to be a star cast.

Personal and private considerations, with which the public is only indirectly concerned, have wrought havoc in their ranks. If the National Opera Company really deserves its name, it is a national disaster to have lost the services of Farsch-Madi and Hastreiter—the former one of the most finished artists, and the latter possessed of one of the most glorious voices ever heard on the New York stage. The company still numbers two excellent sopranos.

Pauline L'Allemand may safely be called one of the foremost *bravura* singers of the day. For refined lyric work she is completely satisfactory, as exemplified by her personation of the Queen in *The Huguenots* on Wednesday. Her clear, silvery, flexible voice, though perhaps a trifle cold in tone and without sufficient breath and volume for strong dramatic singing, is finely effective in all work calling for delicacy and finish of execution. Her promptness of attack, steady intonation and sustainedness of note, cleanliness of scales and general good taste and self-possession, make her a delight to the cultivated ear, while a pleasing person and easy freedom of movement and carriage are equally grateful to the eye. Miss Juch's merits have already been discussed in these columns. She sang Margaret very charmingly on Friday, though much better from the lyric point of view than the dramatic.

Bertha Pierson, after a debut as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, sang *Aida* on Saturday. In both roles she was but measurably satisfactory. She has a powerful, heavy voice, not very well joined where the higher and lower registers meet, but possessing some strong, clear upper notes of good carrying quality. She has an imposing and handsome person, poses well, and acts with freedom and dramatic fire. Her radical defect is a coarse, incorrect method and phrasing in medium passages, and an utter incapacity to sing cantabile. At such points her faulty delivery and unsteadiness in sustainment are very trying. A mischievous critic once remarked of a singer cursed with a frightful *vibrato*, that she did not warble, she wobbled. If there is one feature of a good singer more characteristic than another, it is his power to attack his note promptly and accurately and hold it firmly when he has hit it. Singers of less skill or taste forget, this and wobble to an excess which fills sensitive hearers with a tendency to homicide.

The same blame attaches to Jessie Bartlett Davis, who makes a pretty page but an indifferent singer, with a tendency to slide down her scales like a schoolgirl on a toboggan, instead of neatly picking her way down by the steps.

Of Cornelia Van Zanten, who sang *Amneris* on Saturday, it will be more fitting to speak after fuller hearing. She appears to have a powerful contralto, which she uses with a hard and faulty method and defective intonation. She has, however, plenty of energy and fire, and, dramatically speaking, gave the part a satisfactory interpretation.

Candidus made an indifferent Raoul and an unsatisfactory Rhadames. Both parts call for a good dramatic tenor, and this Mr. Candidus is not. His voice is thin and wiry, with no color or resonance in the lower registers, and apt to break if forced. Nor does he alone for vocal defects by his action, which is cold and embarrassed. Mr. Bassett has a naturally sweet voice of rather uneven quality, and a vocal method as yet primitive and untrained. His *Faust* was but moderately acceptable, musically speaking, and lacked dramatic strength.

Ludwig is an interesting artist, with a great deal of dramatic intensity, a manly presence and a naturally rich, fine baritone, all which good things he frequently impairs by his guttural, unsteady delivery and his hurtful habit of declaiming his passionate phrases instead of singing them. Much of the splendid scene with Rhadames and Aida, before the temple, was injured in this way.

The production of *Lakmé*, at the Metropolitan, on Monday of this week, only serves to confirm our praise of the

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much may be hoped of him. Stoddard sang excellently, and acted well as the fanatic Nilakantha and Amanda Fabris, who made her debut as the Governor's daughter, gave an agreeable rendering of her slight part. She appears, at first hearing, to have a very pure and flexible, though light, soprano, and a refined, correct style. It will be interesting to hear her later in more prominent work. Of Misses Phillips and Ritchie and Messrs. Whitley, Lee and Fessenden, who have all done good service during the week, lack of space forbids minutes mention till another number.

On Monday the musical clans will muster in force to one of the great events of the season, the production of Rubinstein's Nero, and the critics are already pondering the probability of finding in the operatic composer the same genius which has been shown in his other work as a tone-poet.

Ruddygore is not by any means drawing full houses, but according to the terms of Mr. Stetson's contract it cannot be withdrawn until the receipts fall below a certain stipulated point.—At the Casino, since the beginning of Ermine's run, there has scarcely been a time that the management have not been preparing to celebrate some point in its career. Just now they are getting ready some commemorative features for the forthcoming 300th performance.—Tuneful Lorraine has drawn good houses to the Star, although the members of the cast have been bobbing up and down strangely, if not serenely. Herndon Morsell (baritone) has been singing the title-role in place of Signor Perugini, while Miss Griswold (soprano) has been on the sick-list, and Miss Verena (nothing in particular) has made her absence a poignant regret by unsuccessfully attempting to fill the vacant place.

Orthoepic.

Obesity. Miss Nellie Wetherill errs in making the *s* of this word long. It is long in *obese* and in *obeseness*, but short in *obesity*. Some of the vowels are habitually rather badly treated by certain members of Mr. Harrigan's company. For example, the *i* in *give*, the *o* in *word*, the *u* in *absolute*, and so on.

Frequent. If Miss Ellie Wilton persists in putting the accent on the first syllable of this verb, we shall think she dates back to the first quarter of the century at the least. This was Webster's accentuation, but is not the accentuation of the Webster's Dictionary of to-day. All the orthopists now accent the second syllable.

Progress. Here again Miss Wilton's orthoepic is a bit archaic; she prefers to sound the *s* of this substantive long, whereas our contemporaries unite in sounding it short. Yet despite these little preferences that are at variance with what is nowadays considered the best usage, Miss Wilton's Mrs. Vane was, to my mind, the most satisfactory personation in the recent representations of Masks and Faces at the Lyceum.

Underneath. Mr. Saville would hunt in vain, I think, for an authority for putting the accent on the first syllable of this word. It is painfully evident that Mr. Saville has never been a very close student of accents or vowel sounds.

Service. Mr. Whiting pronounces this word as though it were written *service*. In doing so, he does as many cultured Americans do, but not as those Americans do that are careful to conform to the best usage. The *s* of service, and of a long list of words, has not properly the sound of *u* in *surge*, nor of *e* in *serape*; it has a sound peculiar to itself. Though in some respects Miss Dauvray's utterance of the *e*, as far as I have observed, is always quite correct. The sound occurs in French, a language Miss Dauvray seems to be familiar with.

Friend. Miss Dauvray's manner of pronouncing the letter *r*, meet with it where she may, is not English: it's Continental, and snacks of affection.

Adverse. Miss Dauvray errs in accenting the second syllable of the word. The first is the accented syllable.

Eloquent. Miss Dauvray's pronunciation would be bettered if she would be more careful with her utterance of the final unaccented syllables. For example, *ence* should not be sounded *unce*, nor *ent*, *unt*. ALFRED AYRES.

The New Minstrels.

"Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels will start out about August 1," said Barney Fagan to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "most probably in the West. There will be about forty-five people in the company, with Rice and Sweatnam at the ends and myself in the middle. I have conceived an idea for a first-part of a sensational order, which I am having patented and copyrighted. In the line of song-and-dance acts I have also evolved a new and novel idea, which is a total departure from all stereotyped acts of the kind, and in fact the show throughout—everything appertaining to the parade, the dressing, the style of performance, etc.—will be entirely new."

"As for the costuming, it will be most elaborate. Costumes are at work now, and a number of mechanics are busy constructing the first part. Ours will be exclusively a city show, with exceptions only when we are compelled to play small towns to escape big jumps. The company is to be organized in New York, and will rehearse for three weeks preparatory to starting out. Among the features will be several imported novelties, both in singing and specialty business, besides which all the names and faces will be new, each man in each department being selected from the best."

"I would like to give THE MIRROR the names of some of our people, but it is impossible. Managers of big troupes of the kind, no matter how friendly, are sure to be wary of and antagonistic to a concern like ours, which goes out so exquisitely equipped and so able to cope with the most determined opposition. I will say, though, that the expenses of the minstrels will be very great, and that the cost of equipment before a mile of travel is made will be fully \$25,000."

The Giddy Gusher.



Probably no name in the world announced as that of a dying man could have so affected New York as did Henry Ward Beecher's, when Saturday morning the startling head-line "Beecher is Dying" went through the land. It is nonsense to say, as some papers have, that Garfield's or Grant's taking off were events of similar consequence. Only that Guiteau was born was Garfield's death a matter of any account to any one outside his family. And when the history of the United States is twenty years older it will be very funny to read about Ulysses S. Grant.

There's no possible doubt that Henry Ward Beecher is the biggest man America has yet produced. He certainly was five years ago. Pretty soon people will begin to remember that the last year the great orator was not at his best. You know you don't see the change in a member of your family till some semi-occasional visitor points it out. The parishioners of Plymouth Church may not think so, but about three or four times a year I have been accustomed to hear Mr. Beecher, and though to the last a head and shoulders above any other pulpit occupant in the land, was a dimness on the face of the diamond.

I have told you about my internal thermometer that registers to the section of a degree the value of the performance.

In Beecher's atmosphere that unfailing indicator used to be plumb up. Therefore was I surprised, when I heard him on his return from Europe, to find the mercury stopped at the same spot as for Conkling, or Gough, or Evarts. No word of his hoisted it a notch further. So I said: "Something is wrong. Mr. Beecher is under the weather. Ill go over again soon."

And so I did, but with the same result. That wonderful clutch he used to have on the very heart of his listeners had weakened. Eloquent, original, logical still—something had breathed upon the crystal polish of that mirror-like mind.

I wouldn't wonder when all is over if others do not begin to recollect that there was a change the last year.

Mr. Beecher owed his towering position to his oratorical abilities. He will never read as he was heard. Little Rev. Dr. Sawdoff Salvation may pipe the sermons of Beecher without creating a ripple, and old Pontius Pilate Pentateuch, professor of theology, may ding extracts from Beecher into the noddles of his class without making any vibration of the cerebellum. But those very sermons and extracts moved multitudes with profound emotions when aided by the wondrous personal magnetism of Henry Ward Beecher.

Then, again, the great ordeal of his career crowned him a king.

I remember one morning at the Glen House in the White Mountains. I got in from a very eventful and exciting expedition with news that about two miles and half up the Mount Washington horseback road I had seen a splendid eagle perched high on a niche in the rock. By 10 o'clock word came he was still there, and all the men in the hotel went off to shoot it. The big surrounding mountains reverberated for hours with the sharp crack of rifles. By noon that was the most remarkable bird ever heard of. He had been hit time and again, but he turned his calm gaze on his assailants and smiled superior to their puny onslaught. I went up and sat on a stone for hours, and watched the target excursion's practice. Every man laid down his gun after a whack at him, and gave it as his opinion that that bird was boss of the world.

A bird you can't kill with a shotgun or a rifle, a bird who flops his head at you and laughs (they all saw him laugh), must bear a charmed life, and in proportion to the efforts made to kill him that fellow's reputation grew. For a week things went on. The eagle changed his place and sat on another inaccessible rock, and then went back to the old spot. People blazed away. The humane visitors interfered. After the first week no one was allowed to shoot at him. Boston Parsons stood round and bade us see how he—

Watched from his mountain walls
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls
And like a thunderbolt he falls.
Only he didn't fall.

This thing went on till it was discovered that a stuffed eagle had been stolen from the Crawford Notch House, and examination blew

my little game. I had a forty foot wire around the neck and body of my noble bird, and he was anchored by two pieces of pig-iron that weighed thirty pounds. I used to nearly break my neck scaling impossible places and lowering Mr. Eagle to coigns of vantage twenty-five or thirty feet below, fasten my wire and crawl back to safety and the bridle-path, reach the hotel, and discover him again in a new place. (It never struck folks that I always found him when he moved.) When the Crawford Notch man got back his eagle it was as full of shot as Mark Twain's bullfrog. His neck was broken in several places but held together by the wire, it had wobbled in a life-like manner and encouraged folks to waste ammunition. But many a visitor left the Glen House to tell of that magnificent eagle and go to the grave believing that was the invulnerable, unassailable king of the air he saw on Mount Washington.

So, after the shot-guns of scandal and the rifles of the law failed to bring Beecher down, he took a high flight from which, "like a thunderbolt, he falls" to-day, and no pig iron or wire has been discovered to account for his holding so long an invulnerable front and an inaccessible position.

The man or woman who weathers a big storm can carry more canvas thereafter than the craft that never felt a blow.

What a contract that person has got who undertakes to man that Plymouth Church pulpit. It will be about as easy as for Marshall Wilder to wear Beecher's clothes.

Speaking of Marshall Wilder, that ubiquitous and cheery little man will be sailing away soon to fill engagements in London. He wants to take Mrs. Alice Shaw with him—I earnestly desire that a titled young idiot who was here for a week this Winter shall hear Miss Shaw. This young cub arrived at the Brevoort and went out three times during the week that the *Ethiopia* was in port, in company with his valet. He came on the *Ethiopia* and went back on the *Ethiopia*.

" Didn't like Americans at all." He conversed with just five Americans while he was here. I was one of 'em, and he said to me:

" You're really a wonderful wace of cweachers."

" Didn't you ever know any Yankees on the other side?"

" Yes. I met a few. I have a friend who has a taste for that sort of thing. She introduced me to Detchon and Mr. Frank Lincoln and Mr. Marshall Wilder. What queer noises you Americans can make in your thwotes, don't you know?"

Great Scott! that Charlotte Russe thought we were all ventriloquists and mug-pullers. I think I disappointed him somewhat, but Miss Shaw will re-establish his belief in the executive capacity of Americans.

Labouchere should send over here for Henry Guy Carleton. They have a bond of sympathy in their estimation of Irving Bishop—"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

It seems to me Mr. Carleton's theory that Bishop hit on Gramercy Park in his late experiment by the muscular action of the committee-man's hand passing over the map of New York City, is very weak. The map wasn't as big as a morning paper and Colonel Tom Knox's hand covered Central Park and the Battery when laid tenderly on the roof of the Lotos Club. Mr. Carleton probably feels the weakness of the explanation, since he bolsters it up by mysterious allusions to Dr. Hoyt. They had a merry old row in London over Bishop. It's very likely we'll have one here. If there's any fight in that doctor and he reads the suggestive paragraphs about him in the papers, he'll go for somebody sure.

Mr. Bishop's performance was funny, anyway. I shan't soon forget the spectacle of an apparently condemned man riding to execution in a black cap drawn over his face, and three sane and intelligent citizens warming their hands at the back of his head. It was a cleverly performed piece of business, especially the escape of the committee with whole anatomies. When in doubt always take the trick—that's according to Hoyt, I believe, and so I enjoyed Mr. Bishop's seance very much. Being a mind-reader myself, I know he thinks Labouchere and *Truth* need Carleton more than Pulitzer and the *World*. They should be united. It would be a case of Henry Guy Carleton. Whether Carleton could guy Labouchere is quite another thing.

A young man in St. Paul writes me that he has "quite a knack of imitation and recitation," and asks me "if there is room in New York for another Nat Goodwin." Well, I've been making inquiries, and can truthfully say, there is not. Nat fills the vacuum—friends and enemies concur in that. It wouldn't be well for us if there were more of him. Nat is a daisy. There are many daisies in the ordinary field, but the dramatic field admits of but one such. I don't wish to discourage a young man from St. Paul, but really there is no room for another Nat Goodwin in New York. There are broken hearts enough in the city without another crusher. But what sublime confidence animates these innocents! All that young man wants is to know that there's a place for another Nat Goodwin. He's able and ready to step in.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has got an en-

gagement, and a salary she speaks of with awe. Now let's see what she will do to earn it. It's one thing to be a fashionable amateur and play at acting to a party of admiring friends. It's quite another to do the regular thing, surrounded by professionals, for a cold-blooded, critical audience who have paid ten shillings a head and are going to get their money's worth.

An injudicious rumor has it that the lady, in the first flush of her triumph, with her contract clasped to her bosom, said she was "going to elevate the stage."

Ye gods on high Olympus! A long limbed, not over pretty woman, born in the purple, yet wanting the ability necessary to hold the enviable position she inherited and married into—no Rachel, no Clara Morris—she, forsooth, is going to elevate the stage! By what means? is the next pertinent or impudent question.

The women who elevate the stage are such as Charlotte Cushman, Elizabeth Ponisi, Helena Modjeska, Mary Anderson—no society pets wandering upon the stage with a box of caramels in one hand and a silver card-case in the other. They didn't tear themselves away from poundcake and ice-cream to smile over the footlights at astonished friends. Bitter poverty and actual talent attended their advent on the stage, and by characters of genius and purity such as those women possess, the stage will always be elevated.

I have seen Mrs. J. B. Potter act, and heard her recite, and about four score more of the same calibre—from out the same class—and I must say they all appear about alike. The success of Mrs. Langtry must not be expected of every good-looking woman on whom Albert Edward has smiled. Lily Langtry is the cleverest business manager I ever met—bar none. She is a physical triumph. She had the prestige of several seasons of social success, and the tremendous advertising of a variety of scandals.

Not one of these adjuncts will attend Mrs. Potter's debut.

By George! The lady may want a derrick to elevate her own spirits, let alone the stage that she proposes to hoist. Take it easy, Maria. You will have lots to do besides taking up the stage a peg, or I am no

GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Feb. 24.

A sort of lull has come over the dramatic world since my last letter. No new piece of any importance has been produced, and the matinees have for the time being ceased from troubling. The most noteworthy event of the week has been the midnight dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund, which took place at Willis' Rooms on Shrove Tuesday, and lasted till goodness knows what time Ash Wednesday morning. Many of the mummets who assisted thereto are even now suffering from the effects thereof. The time selected was about as unsuitable as can well be imagined for all save members of the theatrical profession, and as the success of this function depends far more upon public than professional patronage, it is not easy to say why the old rule was departed from. The explanation given by the Fund officials is that they had captured Charles Wyndham for their chairman, and as Charles declined to close his theatre in honor of the occasion, they were forced obliged to do as they did. Whether the game was worth the candle is another master. Formerly the dinner was held on Ash Wednesday, because of the compulsory closing of all London theatres on that evening was supposed to give actors the opportunity of assisting. As, however, they usually stayed away in their thousands, this made little enough difference, anyhow. Now that the old restriction with regard to Ash Wednesday performances is removed, they have a better excuse; but this by the way. It is to be hoped that the executive will be better advised next year. Wyndham's health was proposed by Mr. O'Hagan with considerable enthusiasm—considerable, that is, considering the differences of opinion which have lately arisen between W. and O.H. on the subject of The Noble Vagabond and the continuance of that piece upon the Princess' stage. Wyndham replied in lively terms. He deprecated O'Hagan's praise as calculated to destroy a modesty which he (Wyndham) had sedulously cultivated since his early experience on the stage. Waxing autobiographical, he then said that his first manager, after announcing his engagement as that of "a gifted young actor," gave him his notice in three days and recommended him to become a trapezist. He went to the United States and joined Mrs. John Wood's company, in which he was cast for a character who was "shortly going to South America." The *Herald*, in criticising the performance, said the sooner he went there the better. Returning to England, he essayed the part of Shaun the Post at Liverpool, and again a lesson in modesty was administered him by a critic who considered his brogue bad enough to cause a Fenian rising. Wyndham's speech was received with cheers. The subscription list, however, fell short of the amounts collected in previous years.

The Gaely has also a new curtain raiser, by Malcolm C. Salaman. This is called *Dimitry's Dilemma*, and shows the troubles that befall Old S. Divinity, a widower, who in order to pay court to a lady who objects to widowers, passes as a bachelor. Among other woes his son turns up at the same hotel with a bride whom he has just eloped, and this lady is taken to be Old Dimitry's wife, and for a while all is chaos. It is a bright, brisk little piece, and was warmly received on its first production a day or two ago. The chief parts are played, and on the whole played well, by George Honey (son of the late popular actor of that name), G. Stone, Miss F. Beale and the aforesaid Billie Barlow.

In Dorothy, which is still doing well at its new home, the Prince of Wales', changes have also been made. Mari Tempest, a most melodious singer, replaces Miss Hood in the name-part; Ben Davies (late of Carl Rosa and Co.) has most successfully scored in the tenor-hero (originally sustained by Redfern Hollins), and Florence Dysart, a young and beautiful contralto, has returned to play her original character, Lydia Hawthorne, which has in the interim been filled by Edith Leslie Chester (whom Americans will remember as a member of the Rosina Vokes crowd awhile ago). Miss Chester retired from the stage *forever* last Friday, as she has booked a date to be married to a gentleman of high birth and said to be enormously rich. Bless you, my children! is the benediction of the potent, gross and reverend GAWAIN.

Mr. Davis' management at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, in 1855, that Henry Irving made his first appearance on the stage as Orleans in Richelieu.

Our brisk little contemporary, the *Stage*, has had a waltz composed all to itself. The composer is Mr. George Beddie. It is called "The Stage Waltz," and bears on its front page a counterfeit presentment of the paper itself, surrounded by colored decorations.

Our Mr. Irving closed the Lyceum last night on account of its being Ash Wednesday. As I have already explained, according to recent legislation, H. I. need not have done this; but seeing that persons and other people who would shudder at theatricals generally, patronize this house, Irving perhaps did wisely to show this deference to his patrons' religious susceptibilities. Irving is a shrewd man and a politic, and he has usually good grounds for what he does. He spent the evening, not in holiday-making, but in reading. That is to say, he went round to the Birkbeck Institute in Chancery Lane and read (or, rather, recited, for he seldom looked at the book) a well-known play called Hamlet. This he did in accordance with a promise he made some time ago that he would do something to help swell the building fund of the aforesaid institute, whose evening classes, by the way, Playwright Pinero was wont to attend ere he took to playing under Irving. Pinero was a good actor, and his Rodgerio, which he played to Edwin Booth and Irving at the Lyceum, was the best I ever saw.

But to resume. Of course the hall was crowded to its utmost limit and many folk of light and leading, including several ecclesiastical dignitaries, "assisted." Ellen Terry and party occupied several stalls, and the popular actress had a tremendous reception on entering. Irving omitted the fourth act, which is chiefly devoted to the troubles of the fair Ophelia, and he did not stop, as the manner of some is, to give off the names of all the characters every time they dropped up. For three hours, barring a slight interval for refreshment, did Irving recite, holding the audience enthralled by his intense, albeit natural, elocution, for Irving is at all these times less manneristic than he sometimes is in tragedy. It was all very fine, and a special hit was made by him in the low comedy business, giving, as it were, a good foretaste of what we may expect when Irving comes out as Touchstone, as he thinks of doing later on.

The case of

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Rosina Vokes is excessively funny, and Little Weedon Grossmith exceedingly so; but I do not think much of A. W. Finer's three-act farce of "The Schoolmistress," in which they appeared at the Bowery Theatre last week. To be sure, it affords ample opportunities for momentary action, and introduces a jolly casus at the end of the second act; but the success of these do not belong to the author, but rather to the clever people for the first portion, and to the rollicking Rosina and her stage manager for the second. Put an ordinary company in the affair and its fun would get lost during the third act. Mr. Milne Vokes and Mr. Grossmith act with naturalness and spontaneity that one almost forgets the ante-climax of the entire third act. Some of the witticisms indulged in by the various members of the cast are absolutely brilliant and keep an audience in roar.

Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Boston Theatre during the week in "Lady Macbeth" and the performance was a success. On Saturday afternoon and Saturday night, when she appeared as Galatea in W. S. Gilbert's comedy, Mrs. Langtry's Galates has much in it to commend, and Mr. Coghlan's Pygmalion was the best thing I have seen him in.

Fin MacCool continued at the Hollis Street Theatre, with Kerr as a preface on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, and at a professional matinee on Thursday afternoon, when he was crowded with many of the notables in the dramatic and journalistic world. Manager Rice's box was occupied by Rosina Vokes, Courtenay Thorpe and other members of the Vokes co. Mrs. Langtry, Charles Coghlan and Kate Paterson sat in the box opposite; and in another box were William Warde and Robert E. Mantell.

"Tangled Lives" received its former triumphs at the Gloria and H. H. Fahey concluded its long run at the Boston Museum.

The Basker's Daughter had a series of presentations at the Bijou Theatre that pleased the usual large audience.

Dan Sully appeared in "Daddy Noises" at the Howard Athenaeum, in which his mirth-provoking specialties were most successful.

An excellent variety show made the Windsor Theatre lively last week. The Juliennes are a clever pair of acrobats, Rose being very shapely, very agile and very clever in all the feats—and some of them are wonderful—that she attempts. Master Belasco's invisible wire performances are clever also.

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PHILADELPHIA.

The past week has been marked by many novelties and by rich results. At the Chestnut Street Opera House, Wilson Barrett divided the chestnut between himself and Clinton, the one named. Upon Mr. Barrett's first visit here I found reason to praise his methods of acting and of stage management, and that in spite of much adverse criticism, I now find that I but pronounced the popular verdict—a fact that has been abundantly proved by the largely increased business upon his second visit. "Claudian," which has just been presented to us for the first time, has done so well in difference of the two parts that it will only be necessary to speak of it in a general way of the impression it produced here. The play is intensely poetical. It is also thoroughly artistic, because it is lifted above the plane of realism into the regions of the ideal and imaginative. It is worthy of study, because of the underlying and interwoven ideas, which develop in and through the characters, and which are not easily understood. I know it is the grand old legend of human sin, sanguinary trial and the final triumph of unselfish love and divine mercy. Its chief beauties are found in the prologue and in the final act, but it held and satisfied me, and I went away serene and happy, addressed only by the thought, "that I must see and understand more." The play is well mounted, and will hold its own in any company. The author, Mr. Barrett, and Miss Eustache, in both of the productions of the week, I have caught but praise, and in these words I am sure I pronounce the popular verdict. Every night during the week Mr. Barrett was called before the curtain and forced to speak to the audience, which he did willingly and with rare tact. This week, next, Mr. Curtis will again show how he can manage a curtain.

Haze Footh's new piece, "Faithful Hearts," which she presented at the Chestnut Street Theatre, was received with very little favor by either press or public. It belongs to that disagreeable, if not disreputable French school which finds but few sympathizers or admirers in this country. It is however an exaggeration without touching the truth to say that the co. was composed of amateurish, but otherwise to receive the full hollowness of the work and acted accordingly. This week, Miss Sarah Bernhardt, Maid of Bellville 14.

One of the most interesting events of the week was the production by Elsie Kistler, at the Arch Street Theatre, of Laura Don's romantic comedy, "Egypt; or, A Daughter of the Nile." It was given during the latter half of her engagement, and she graced the stage with her beauty. The play was not successful when produced by its author, and as it has never before been seen here, it is proper to speak of its merits and demerits. Its chief merits are its opportunities for beautiful stage pictures, its bold upon the sympathies and the idyllic character of its opening and closing acts. Its faults can be readily named. It is open to the accusation of being too pliable to all plays wherein scenes are introduced that the audience knows not supports the dream, the interest lags, while without this knowledge the plot lacks sequence and coherence. The comedy element is extravagant and unnatural, and at least two of the comedy parts bear no actual relation to any part of the story or plot, and only one out of the strongest ones. The fifth act, in particular, is an anti-climax, the drama and hopes of years having reached fulfillment in the thrilling and intensely dramatic situation at the close of the previous act. Many of the objections mentioned above can easily be removed by rewriting parts of the play, and those that cannot be remedied can certainly be endured, while the work is presented by so winning and gifted a woman as Laura Don. She is a good actress, and I hope she will do well in this city. This week, Mrs. Kistler and Mr. F. W. Keene were at their hotel, in this city on Sunday. They go to San Francisco with the co. in the near future. Annie is a clever, bright little singer, and the people out on the Pacific Slope will like her, I am sure.

CLEVELAND.

At the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Feb. 28-March 3.

The Boston Opera House in Victor the Bluestocking, Adelina and The Minstrel. Miss Fortune opened for three nights, 2, 3, her respective roles, Gretchen, Mother and Saturday night King Heinrich's Daughter and Sweethearts. I cannot say that Miss Fortune took our city by storm. In fact, the engagement was not a colossal success either artistically or financially. This week McKee Rankin.

Jannaschek appeared at the Park Theatre as Meg Miller, and in "The Merry Widow." First-rate Miss Miller will be the manager after this season, and run first-class attractions with prices ranging from fifteen to seventy-five cents. He is to favor a circuit including Indianapolis and several Western cities and operate it in connection with the Academy here.—A rumor is abroad that the Concordia Opera House is to be converted into a dime museum next month. The Concordia Opera House, and the Concordia Opera co. were at their hotel, in this city on Sunday. They go to San Francisco with the co. in the near future. Annie is a clever, bright little singer, and the people out on the Pacific Slope will like her, I am sure.

ST. LOUIS.

Haverly's Minstrels had big houses last week at the Opera House. Billy Emerson was the cause, and the effect was to bring in other stars. Emerson is a good singer and sings well as he did ten years ago. The "Big Sausage" had to be sung at each performance. E. M. Hall still plays the banjo and sings the song he wrote for his girl. John Curran, native to this city, had two floral emblems presented to him. Although he was suffering from a bad cold he was forced to respond to their entreaty. He never sang "Baby's Last Night" in Her Theater.—Gordon Addy, Kistler, etc. The Marble Heart, Richelleen and Hoochie Blund. T. W. Keene was in town recently.—Miss Barbaree Macdonald and others who retire from The Boston Idealists at the end of the season have been a prey to "ye interviewer" during their visit to this city.

CHESTER.

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DETROIT.

Haverly's Minstrels come to the Alcazar 7 in Caprice. Her name is four weeks.

Faust has drawn large, critical and delighted audiences to the Baldwin, the week ending more satisfactorily to the management than it began. Louis Morris has gained his point in bringing the chief interest to bear upon himself as Mephistopheles, and a triumph full of merit it is, too, for the cunning devilry with which he inveigles Faust into his power and plunges him into the depths of hell. The play is a masterpiece, a worthy master's art. Henry Miller is a captivating Faust, young, handsome and earnest, while Charlotte Little, our own pretty California girl, has astonished herself, perhaps, as much as any one else in her performance of Marguerite. Goethe saw just such a sweet, modest little German girl, when he wrote about Marguerite. The scene of the stage settings is a perfect fit for all the action of Faust's new novel.

The Clara Morris co. brought out her new play last night at the Baldwin before a large and fashionable audience. Here is the cast:

The Count de Moray..... Henry Miller

Claude Burel..... W. H. Thompson

Edmund Punter..... Ogden Stevens

Erasmo Drake..... Joseph Brown

Karl von Rostock..... Rowland Burroughs

Maitie..... H. B. Phillips

Castile de Moray..... Minnie Young

The Duchess de San Lucca..... Emily Stewart

Mme. de La Marche..... Kate Denin-Wilson

Rene de Moray..... Clara Morris

The play was pronounced a success, and will be con-

tinned during the week.

I paid my first visit to Moroso's Amphitheatre last Friday night, and was surprised to find so large a place and fair performances, admission being only ten cents. The attraction was Only a Farmer's Daughter, staged by Clara Beaumont.

Coast Drift: Edwin F. Thorne comes to the Alcazar in August.—Alice Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harrison attended Faust Friday night.—Frank Curtis says that Hermann will play a return engagement at the Baldwin next week; also that the magical map poster, which hangs on a tree in New York, is the original. Dan McLoughlin has been treasurer of the Baldwin Theatre for four years, therefore will benefit very largely at that house 5.—Heirs of Emma Cook, the deceased actress, are quarrelling over her estate.—Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, whose beauty attracted much attention here as she sat in her box at the Patti concert, will soon go on the stage again, using her professional name of Florence Grainger. She is to sing in the principal part in Shirley of the Fortunes co. is here greeting old frs who knew him several years ago as treasurer of the old Olympia.—John Moloney, the popular treasurer of the

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Rosina Vokes is excessively funny, and Little Weedon Grossmith exceedingly so; but I do not think much of A. W. Finer's three-act farce of "The Schoolmistress," in which they appeared at the Bowery Theatre last week. To be sure, it affords ample opportunities for momentary action, and introduces a jolly casus at the end of the second act; but the success of these do not belong to the author, but rather to the clever people for the first portion, and to the rollicking Rosina and her stage manager for the second. Put an ordinary company in the affair and its fun would get lost during the third act. Mr. Milne Vokes and Mr. Grossmith act with naturalness and spontaneity that one almost forgets the ante-climax of the entire third act. Some of the witticisms indulged in by the various members of the cast are absolutely brilliant and keep an audience in roar.

Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Boston Theatre during the week in "Lady Macbeth" and the performance was a success. On Saturday afternoon and Saturday night, when she appeared as Galatea in W. S. Gilbert's comedy, Mrs. Langtry, Charles Coghlan and Kate Paterson sat in the box opposite; and in another box were William Warde and Robert E. Mantell.

"Tangled Lives" received its former triumphs at the Gloria and H. H. Fahey concluded its long run at the Boston Museum.

The Basker's Daughter had a series of presentations at the Bijou Theatre that pleased the usual large audience.

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An excellent variety show made the Windsor Theatre lively last week. The Juliennes are a clever pair of acrobats, Rose being very shapely, very agile and very clever in all the feats—and some of them are wonderful—that she attempts. Master Belasco's invisible wire performances are clever also.

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BALTIMORE.

Romeo and Juliet was given at the Academy of Music last week upon a scale of magnificence that has never been approached in the annals of this city's theatrical history. Every scene was an almost perfect picture; the costuming was rich and historical, and the co. in general was superb. At the head of the company was the author, Margaret Mather, if not the first of living Juliets, certainly second to none. She seems unusually well suited to the role; coy and winsome in the earlier acts, she has sufficient dramatic fire and power to do justice to the later and more trying scenes. When she first appeared here in the role several years ago, she gave a brilliant performance, and one that bore upon it the stamp of hard study. Miles Levick, always a favorite here, made an excellent Mercutio, reading his lines and acting the gay kinsman artistically. It is rather questionable taste, however, to respond to a call before the curtain after the death of Romeo. The cast of the Academy is indeed a good one, and the supporting co. is very capable.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

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Astley, E. Jenkins, R.
Arthur, Lloyd Jenkins, A.
Bell, Lester Klein, Alfred
Brooks, J. K. Keith, Marion
Barnes, John Kelly, Edgar S.
Boas, Miss Lamworth, Peter
Bigger, Laura Lewis, Horace
Besser, J. E. Lathan, Emma
Blackburn, Mary Latta, Minnie
Brockhouse, Matthew Little, Louise
Brennan, Matthew Morris, Herbert
Callahan, E. McElroy, James
Carlyle, H. Newton Miller, M.
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Dubois, Fred. Ralton, D. E.
Eaton, Adelaide Reynolds, Miss G.
Ellis, Charles T. Rivers, Bertha
Elliott, J. L. Rossell, J.
Edwards, J. E. Smith, Smith
Evans, Tolius Raymond, Lew
Kinsmonorff, W. C. Russell, Nina
Ferris, Cora Russell, Harold
Fletcher, Lizzie Russell, Ed.
Gray, Harry (3) Reynolds, F. E.
Gross, Fred. Ross, Silla
Gibson, J. W. Rosen, Jessie
Greenaway, A. Sternberg, C. A.
Gardiner, E. M. Stuart, W.
Goldthwaite, Dora Spangler, E. G.
Greer, Clay Stedgill, Wm.
Hillard, Marie St. Ormond, H.
Harder, J. W. Tuthill, Ben
Harrington, Fred. Turner, W. D.
Harris, Miss M. Taylor, E. C.
Hall, Clinton Tracy, Ella
Horan, Mrs. Wood, Frank
Humphrey, W. J. Wheelerock, D. F.
Hann, Mabel Watkins, C. A.
Harrison, Louis Washburne, Tillie
Hast, C. C. Weber, R. A.
Hilliard, Fred. Webster, H. E.
Hyde, Walter. Weston, Joseph
Hudson, R. C. Young, Mary

* * * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America. *

Beecher and the Stage.

In the death of Henry Ward Beecher the stage has lost a new-found friend, and aside from his eloquence as an orator, his immense intellectual force and his massive character, the profession will feel a share of the general sorrow over what is indeed a national bereavement.

Mr. Beecher did not have a fair start in life. He was reared in an atmosphere of puritanism, and he imbibed the austere and narrow prejudices of that class. Gradually, however, he emancipated that splendid mind of his from the hard fetters of orthodoxy and rose superior to the conditions under which his youth was passed.

Mr. Beecher was not content with thinking out all the great questions and issues of sociology for himself—he had the courage of his convictions. By a steady process of mental evolution he rejected all creeds and dogmas and delusions incompatible with liberal thought, and, guided by the star of reason, fearlessly adopted what he believed to be truth and right. In other words, he was essentially progressive.

For many years Mr. Beecher was opposed to the theatre. On several occasions he preached characteristic sermons against it. This was a lingering trace of the early prejudice which, until a short time ago, he never got rid of. He was induced finally to witness a play, and for the first time in his life he felt the subtle spell of the acted drama. To one so poetic and imaginative the discovery of this new and previously misunderstood realm of fancy made a deep impression, and the great divine was not slow to repair the wrong he had, in ignorance, done the noblest of arts. Afterward he visited the theatre several times, and always with increased pleasure. We recall that at a public gathering he confessed that he had denied himself and others too long a mode of enjoyment both recreative and stimulating.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Beecher did not investigate the claims of the theatre upon intellectual appreciation and popular support earlier in his career, for there was a time when his friendship would have been of enormous value,

wielding as he did a tremendous influence upon public opinion. It came too late to be actually needed—the Stage has laid

foundations as strong, if not stronger, than the rock on which the Church is

built—but it is still matter for pride and congratulation that the closing years of the greatest pulpit-orator and religious teacher that ever lived were passed in close sympathy with an institution over which his reason and prejudice had battled fiercely.

One Word.

A word used at the wrong time and in the wrong place often brings about extraordinary or disastrous events. In the last Presidential campaign three words, heedlessly uttered, changed the whole complexion of the National Government. Two words, giving the lie direct, have brought uncounted thousands to the hangman's halter. One word, the name of the founder of modern religion, has through nearly nineteen centuries exercised an incalculably powerful influence on civilization and progress and over the minds and motives of men.

A word, therefore, can accomplish remarkable results.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is likely, sooner or later, to realize the truth of this assertion. Singularly enough, in this case the word is an admirable word when used in a proper connection. Mrs. Potter, when recently interviewed by a *Herald* correspondent, is reported to have said that one of her principal reasons for going upon the stage was to "elevate" it.

And pray in what manner is this newly patented and ingeniously manipulated elevator supposed to work? Does Mrs. Potter suppose that the accession to the profession of a very pretty and superbly advertised society amateur will in any measure "elevate" either the artistic or the social plane of the stage? If the drama needs "elevating," it will doubtless improve in accordance with the urgency of the need. If the drama's representatives are suffering from the same cause, we do not believe that Mrs. James Brown Potter is particularly qualified to exercise the requisite influence. Certainly, the wholesale use she has made of puffing paragraphs is *prima facie* evidence that she is unfitted to add one jot or tittle to the dignity of the calling she proposes to embrace.

Probably Mrs. James Brown Potter was misrepresented by the reporter; perhaps she did not make use of the objectionable word. We trust this may be the case and that Mrs. Potter will come forward with a denial, for we have hitherto respected her shrewd and politic deportment. It certainly will not do for the lady to revile the vocation or scorn the class with which she is about to associate herself.

We do not blame Mrs. James Brown Potter for seeking to make capital out of the marvellous notoriety she has obtained. It may be in questionable taste, but that is a matter which she and her family can settle for themselves. If her ability be demonstrated we shall heartily welcome her to the dramatic fraternity; at the same time, however, we must reprove her at the outset for imagining that the profession will in any measure be improved by her entrance within it. Cultivated people are desirable in any pursuit; but the cult of a person that complacently parrots unpleasant generalities about the people who honestly earn a livelihood by the very method she from caprice or greed proposes to adopt and that talks about a mission to "elevate" her prospective co-laborers—the cult of such a person, permit us to remark, is open to debate, even though her beauty and social graces be attested by every journal in the land.

Personal.

BLAIR.—Eugenia Blair has been re-engaged by Frederick Warde for next season.

HENDERSON.—Ettie Henderson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morse in Washington.

WILEY.—Dora Wiley is visiting relatives in Bangor, Me. She left the opera company bearing her name some weeks ago.

DE BELLEVILLE.—Negotiations are pending with Fred. de Belleville to take the leading role in Hoodman Blind next season.

WEATCROFT.—Neilson Wheatecroft sprained his ankle in Boston on Tuesday, and played in Tangled Lives in the evening on crutches.

BURNHAM.—Charles Burnham, business manager of the Star Theatre, will have a benefit on Sunday evening, March 20. The list of volunteers is large.

WEATHERSBY.—Jennie Weathersby will make her reappearance on the stage of the Bijou Opera House in the forthcoming production of The Big Pony.

GRUBB.—Lilly Grubb, whose picture appears on our first page this week, is one of the most charming actresses in light opera and burlesque.

GEOFFREYS.—Minnie Geoffreys, until recently the prima donna of the Kindergarten company, has been ill at her home in Columbia, S. C., for the past few weeks. She has recovered, and will shortly return to New York.

MURIELLE.—Constance Murielle, leading lady of the Taken From Life company, died yesterday (Wednesday) at her home in this city of Bright's disease.

SHANNON.—Effie Shannon has been offered a large increase in salary to remain with Robert B. Mantell next season, and among other parts to play Desdemona to his Othello.

SOTHERN.—Sam Sothern, who was with John T. Raymond the past season, left for England yesterday (Wednesday) on the *City of Chicago*, to claim a legacy left him by his father.

BALFE.—Louise Balfe was married last month to William Harcourt, leading man of Beatrice Lieb's company. The ceremony was performed in this city by the Rev. T. M. Brown.

ELLISLER.—Effie Ellsler has started on her Southern tour with a boom. Texas managers are heralding her coming in full-page advertisements and announcing it as a "dramatic festival."

BERNARD.—Fannie G. Bernard has been offered an ingenue part in a new play to be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, in the near future. Miss Bernard is at present playing the soubrette role in Taken from Life.

HENDERSON.—Grace Henderson, of Modjeska's company, has been engaged for the Lyceum Theatre stock company. She is one of the handsomest women on the stage, and is the wife of David Henderson, the manager of the Chicago Opera House, and formerly a well-known dramatic critic in that city.

VAUGHN.—Theresa Vaughn, the charming contralto of We, Us & Co., will leave for Milan at the close of the season to resume her musical studies. Miss Vaughn is rapidly making her way to the front rank of American singers, and now receives praise from those who are sparing in favorable criticism except in recognition of genuine talent.

BRISCOE.—Ray Briscoe received much attention from the Chicago critics for her playing of the leading role, Dorothy Foxglove, during the last nights of Herne's Minute Men. This led to her engagement to play Blanche Del Colma, the leading role in the new play, An American Princess. The young lady's progress has been very rapid—not yet seventeen, and her first year on the stage.

LANGTRY.—The advance sale for Mrs. Langtry, who is playing the present week at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg, is the largest ever known at that theatre. At the conclusion of the engagement Mrs. Langtry will rest for two weeks, continuing her season on March 28, and playing up to the middle of August. She does not go abroad, but reopens in New York in September, adding several new plays to her repertoire.

Patti Will "Farewell" in Opera.

"Patti will open a season of grand Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 11," said John B. Schoeffel to a MIRROR reporter on Tuesday, "giving six performances, either five nights and one matinee or four nights and two matinees. Mr. Abbey leaves Philadelphia to-day for Chicago to see Patti and consult her wishes in the matter. While this is not in the regular engagement, it is still not outside of it. Instead of giving concerts and acts of opera we have induced her to appear in opera, seeing that these are her final appearances on the New York stage.

"The company is not yet thoroughly organized. It will include the members of the concert company. We are in negotiation with artistes in Europe—a baritone, another tenor and another basso. There will be a chorus of sixty and the operas will be done on the same liberal scale that Italian opera was done when Mr. Abbey first opened the Metropolitan Opera House. We will then give opera in some of the large cities—two performances and a matinee in Boston; one in Philadelphia, one in Baltimore, and one in Washington. The operas will be Semiramide, Carmen, Faust, Traviata, Marta, and Lucia, very likely. Ardit will be conductor, of course.

"Patti will leave America between the 1st and the 14th of May, and go direct to her castle in Wales. She will probably sing in Albert Hall during the celebration of the Queen's Festival. She doesn't come back to America. I'm quite sure of that, for it's in her contract. What Patti's actual receipts are I couldn't tell you, for Manager Abbey keeps all the books with him. The two lightest houses were one in Chicago and one in New Orleans. The largest so far were in Mexico, where the diva sang to \$19,000 at one performance and \$17,500 at another. She sang to \$10,000 at Omaha, \$9,000 in St. Louis, \$9,254 in Los Angeles, California. The take in San Francisco was \$40,000 at five concerts.

"Regarding all this talk about the Academy of Music being taken by Mr. Abbey and myself, all I can say is that nothing has been done as yet. We had a chat with Mr. Dinsmore, during which he said that if he bought the house he would certainly lease it to us. If we get it we shall make it a combination theatre, with prices ranging from twenty-five cents to \$1. At these prices we could put in \$2,000—the Grand Opera House holds about \$1,400. It will not, however, be run on the same principle as the other combination houses, but will depend on large productions—spectacular melodramatic and operatic—though not Italian opera."

Inter-State Bill.

"I think that as far as theatrical companies are concerned," said Rudolph Aronson to a MIRROR reporter recently, "the passage of the Inter-State Commerce bill is a great mistake. When these organizations travel about the country fifty and sixty people strong, the railroad fares are enormous, and the companies

naturally figure on getting concessions. It would mean a vast difference in such a company, for instance, as ours if full fares would have to be paid, and perhaps ten or fifteen people would have to be dispensed with. A large number of auxiliaries affords us a better opportunity for the interpretation of an opera. With an orchestra of ten or fifteen two or three would have to be dropped.

"It is the same with scenery. Now, for instance, we have a contract arrangement by which people and freight are carried at a certain rate. Less scenery would mean performances of lesser grade, and representations incomplete and perhaps inartistic. Concessions ought to be made when business is so large and comes in volume. If not, it is going to bring expenses way up, and consequently less business will be done. I think it would be a good plan for the managers to get together and devise some means of solving this problem. I don't think it is to the interest of the railroad companies, as business will be so much reduced that the increased rates will not even it. The bill will be detrimental in the end to the railroad companies."

An Aisle Episode.

The tempers of ushers, like those of street-car conductors, are often put to severe tests. The other evening, at the Star Theatre, a tall man with a large cane, a fierce red moustache and a generally "tough" appearance bought an admission ticket, entered the parquet and took up a position in the right-hand aisle near the boxes to hear Lorraine.

Music evidently had no charm to soothe this savage breast, for when a dapper little usher went down and told him it was against the rules of the house and of the Fire Department to blockade the aisles, he glared at his interlocutor and bluntly remarked, in a tone audible to everybody down-stairs, "You be d—d!"

The usher, seemingly surprised at this response, tip-toed up the aisle to the rear of the theatre. Here an animated conversation with the chief usher ensued. The man with the carmine moustache was delightedly taking the measure of Emily Soldene's mouth when the nervous little usher tapped his elbow. Immediately he began to bristle threateningly, as a man who doesn't propose to have his liberty restricted in the smallest degree.

"Will you please step back where the rest are standing," asked the usher.

"Naw, I won't," growled the assertive gentleman.

"But really—I wish you would—in fact, I think I shall have to say you must."

"Oh, you be blowed!" sententiously observed the despiser of convention and Fire Department rules.

"But; my dear sir," pleaded the usher "I don't want any trouble and I must request you to come away from here."

"Don't yer give me no bluff like that," retorted the troublesome customer, menacingly. "I paid my money, and I'm going to see this show from jest where I choose, and don't-ye-forget-it, neither." This last observation was accompanied by a peculiarly irritating horizontal movement to and fro of the speaker's index finger beneath the meek usher's nose.

By this time the audience were aroused to a point of indignation. The unruly spectator's voice harshly disturbed their enjoyment of the performance. Hisses, muttered execrations and cries of "Put him out!" were plentiful. "Y-a-s, put me out," said the bully, tantalizingly. "Why don't yer get a perliceman and fire me," and he towered up with a sort of Sullivan confidence which plainly implied that the whole reserve of the Finest might wisely hesitate before tackling the job.

But the dude usher did not call in police aid. No; he simply made a quick movement with his hands, and then the big man was seen flying up the aisle with his companion a la Irving Bishop. At the swinging doors there was a momentary vision of a confused mass of overcoat, cane and red moustache in process of rapid transit, and a moment later a sickening thud on the lobby floor denoted that there would be no more annoyance from that source during the rest of the performance. The demure and dudish usher came back a little flushed in countenance and arranging his white tie, while the audience composed itself to enjoy Lorraine's really melodious strains.

Miss Yeamans' Next Venture.

"The new play in which I star next season," said Jennie Yeamans to a MIRROR reporter recently, "is to be entitled Our Jenny. It is a comedy-drama, in three acts, by Clay M. Greene, and its price is \$5,000. The first act of the play has been submitted, and I am delighted with it. I go on the road with it about the second week of August, under the management of William Welch, who has taken desk room at Taylor's Exchange, and is booking time. I am in excellent health, as I have rested a whole year. I had a great many offers during that time, but I refused them all.

"My part in the new play is that of a girl of sixteen—a perfect hoyden—yet there are plenty of opportunities for pathos and good dramatic work. I will introduce some of my old specialties and a number of new ones, while I have written for the play three new songs. Words and music are mine. Besides, I have designed a number of new costumes. I was the first actress to wear a Mother Hubbard on the boards, while playing with Roland Reed in Cheek, and before I had time to turn about the stage was full of them. That is one of the reasons why I can't tell you more about my costumes, except that they are made here in my own house and not in Paris. All the window lithographs are of my own design. I am the proprietress, and I shall have full control of the stage. We shall carry our own scenery.

"I shall select a good company, as I do not believe in one-part plays. The play is to be finished in six weeks. You know my reputation, I suppose. It is 'Yes, clever girl, but hard to manage.' The reason is because I've never been properly managed or been given any credit for knowing anything. However, I think Mr. Welch will find that I'm not so hard to get along with."

The Amateur Stage.

There is a lull in the amateur world, and Lenten inactivity prevails both in New York and Brooklyn. In the meantime the rumor comes from over the Bridge that Henry G. Somborn and others are to organize a dramatic university, forsooth, in the City of Churches. We shall be very glad to see the scheme carried out, but alas! It is easier to map out such a venture than to put it in practical operation. If Mr. Somborn has been correctly reported, he entertains some very peculiar notions. He is said to have made the statement that at present the dramatic profession was a sort of refuge for very many who had not the ability to enter any other profession, and who imagine assurance can pass for talent; that they apparently despise the calling by which they earn their living, and that these parasites, who generally through accident gain an entrance to the profession, never cling to it any longer than they can help, and that after leaving it their conversation is invariably of a condemnatory character of the people and everything connected with the calling.

It is almost superfluous to point out the absurdity of the views attributed to this gentleman. It is doubtless true that there are actors and actresses who are of no particular credit to the profession; but anyone who knows anything about stage management will laugh at the assumption that assurance could pass muster in lieu of talent. Why, there are managers in this city who engage aspirants for histrionic honors only on condition that they take with the audience the first night. This, of course, could not apply to anything but a variety performance. Still, it is a point in case to show the fallacy of Mr. Somborn's utterance. We do not question the fact that the professional ranks would be improved if they contained a larger proportion of refined and educated people. But the public wants talent above everything else, and cares little for the social and intellectual status of individual actors.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A correspondent writes to know if I have ever heard of Mrs. James Brown Potter and whether she is the heir to the Syrian throne. Evidently my correspondent does not regularly read my esteemed contemporary, the *Yangtze Kiang Boycotter*, else he would not need to be told that Mrs. James Brown Potter is the sister-in-law of the nephew of the grandfather of the young Emperor of China's uncle's son. It is amazing what ignorance prevails just at present in regard to these very ordinary matters.

Mrs. Langtry is very well pleased with her present tour. She says that the net profits have averaged \$5,000 a week. She does not play in New York again this season, but arrangements have been made for the inauguration of her next tour with an extended engagement in a new play at the Fifth Avenue.

Herbert Kelcey asks me to say that his contract with Mr. Frohman for next season at the Lyceum is for entire and absolute leading business.

Franklin Sargent has been drilling the pupils of his Lyceum School for several months in Moliere's *Les Precieuses Ridicules*. This has never, I believe, been given here. The little classic will be given on the 23d of this month in the afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre, together with the curse scene from Leah, an act of Adrienne Lecouvreur and that charming dramatic episode, The Cape Mail. The matinee is intended to show the practical results achieved by the School since it came under Mr. Sargent's sole and capable direction. On Wednesday afternoon next the profession and others will be invited to witness some exercises illustrating the methods of the institution.

Mr. Sargent is earnestly and modestly developing his pet idea, and it is getting to be sound in basis and more thorough in scope than when it left the somewhat reckless and visionary control of Mackaye, Frohman and Co. The course of study is becoming more and more practical and useful. The director is convinced that the teaching of people that have actually had experience in the various departments of stage work can accomplish more than the vaporizing dissertations of theorists. For example, Tom Gossman has lately been telling the students all he knows—which is a good deal—about stage mechanism, properties and nomenclature. His talks have been interesting if not Addisonian, and the listeners have acquired a lot of knowledge thereby. There is room—nay, there is need—for a school like the Lyceum in this country, and Mr. Sargent has unquestionably the nucleus of a most valuable establishment.

Nat Goodwin thinks that Big Pony comes nearer Gilbert and Sullivan's best work than anything that has been written on this side of the pond. His part is the development of a capital idea in the way of satire upon the noble red-man. It is partly indicated by the dress he will wear—a mixture of war-paint, crushed hats, moccasins, dress-suit and feathers. The gentlemanly savage is a new thing in comic opera. But how will he go with the public? We shall soon see.

A party by the name of Barnum seems to be in town.

Mr. Stewart, of the Strobridge Company, points with pardonable pride to the huge lithographic posters that adorn the entire Twenty-sixth street side of the Madison Square Garden. Men were covering them with a coat of varnish yesterday to keep out the damp when Mr. Stewart proudly pointed out their merits. Among other things he told me that it is the largest stand of bills ever posted, consisting of 1,531 sheets. They are in four colors, and the weight of the stones from which they were printed aggregated 240,000 pounds. Work on these was begun in November last and continued until a few weeks ago. The variety is enormous, and the whole achievement a marvel in its way.

The Actors' Fund.

Last week the Executive Committee ordered relief to be given to six applicants. Two applications were rejected. Eight applications will be considered this week.

Expended in relief last week, \$436.93, including two funerals and a druggist's bill for three months, the latter amounting to \$102.83.

The Trustees met on Thursday. Routine business was transacted.

A special meeting of the members of the Fund will be held at the rooms on March 31 to consider an alteration in the by-laws. New members and annual dues paid in: William Cullington, Abbie Pierce, Mrs. Harry Colton, John W. Townsend, Eliza Peters, Otto Bernard, George H. Whitman, Ralph Delmore, Charles E. Borgman, Charles Branne, Aggie Hamilton, Louis Egan, Philip A. Paulcraft, Little Waterman, William MacLean, Thomas Dunnigan, John C. Martin, George H. Rhind, Alice E. Greason, J. H. Fitzgerald, Thomas Neff, Lone Lang. Donation from W. Irving Bishop, \$10.

In the Courts.

THE AUTHORSHIP INVOLVED.

The crop of alleged authors of plays who desire to get royalties from stars is evidently unlimited. The last to appeal to the courts is Mary E. Rendle, who claims that Mme. Janauschek has been using her play since 1876. Mrs. Rendle asserts that she is the author of *Chesney Wold*, or *Bleak House*, as it is more frequently termed. She alleges that she sold the play to Mme. Janauschek under an agreement that she should receive five dollars every time the play was presented. Dating her claim back to 1876, there is quite a neat little sum due Mrs. Rendle, if she can convince a court of the validity of her demand. It is not less than \$2,500. To ascertain the exact amount, however, Mrs. Rendle obtained an order from the Court compelling Mme. Janauschek to give testimony on the point before trial. The matter came up in court this week on a motion by the counsel for Mme. Janauschek that this order be vacated. It was urged on madame's side that Mrs. Rendle did not write *Chesney Wold*, or have any interest in it. Judge Andrews decided that if Mme. Janauschek submitted affidavits on the subject he would grant the motion to vacate the order.

RATHER PROFITLESS VERDICTS.

Misses Annie Lee and S. S. Cochran, two ballerinas who were dismissed from the National Opera company, brought suits to recover \$426 and \$560, respectively, claimed to be due them as wages. These suits came up for trial a day or two ago in the Supreme Court. Four lawyers appeared and everything was ready for taking testimony, when one of the lawyers for the defendants got up and said that there was no use in trying the cases, as the company had been put in the hands of a receiver, and if judgments were given for the plaintiffs they would get no benefit. At best they could only get a *pro rata* share of the company's assets. This would be given them without judgments if their claims were valid and if any assets should be found. Judge Ingraham ordered verdicts for the plaintiffs, with costs for the full amount.

WALDRON'S SUIT DISMISSED.

The suit of Nelson Waldron against Marshall Mallory and A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, for damages and royalties in using a double stage whose appliances, he says, were patented by him, has been dismissed by Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court.

Forlorn Maid of Belleville.

All the members of the Maid of Belleville Opera company have arrived in town. The company left this city on Feb. 13 and opened in Toronto on the following night. Attachments followed the company from the first stand, and before leaving Toronto the members sadly realized that the "backer" was a myth. The tour was under the management of George Lederer and Robert Grau. Robert Welles, one of the victims, related in substance the following story, punctuating it with bursts of indignation:

"Much of our baggage is still in Toronto, held by a hotel proprietor for unpaid board-bills. When we left for Montreal, Mr. Lederer remained behind, saying he would pay the bills. We did a fair business in Montreal, but a representative of the Grand Trunk Railway attached the receipts for cost of transportation. Some members of the company were given a little money—two or three dollars apiece—at the end of the week. But most of them received nothing. On Monday, Feb. 28, we left for Quebec, but were snowbound and did not reach that city until 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening. We opened on Wednesday evening to a good house. On Thursday, at the instance of officials of the Grand Trunk Railway, Manager Grau was arrested for alleged swindling, and when we got away he was still languishing in jail. The principals attempted to keep the company together in the hope that business would pick up; but the scandal of the arrest told severely against us. Such members as had money or valuables were enabled to leave for home on Friday. Through the kindly efforts of Samuel Harris, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Proprietor Russell, of the St. Louis Hotel, the rest got away on Saturday."

Affairs at the Lyceum.

"The business of the Lyceum Theatre the past season," said Daniel Frohman to a *MIRROR* reporter, "has been excellent, and Miss Dauvray has proved herself to be a shining star. After Miss Dauvray has concluded her engagement I shall present, most probably in May, a new comedy which belonged to the late E. A. Sothern. It was written by Madison Morton, Robert Reece, the famous farce-writer, and Mr. Sothern himself, and it was the intention of the comedian to star in the piece through this country.

"I read the play several months ago, and found the leading part so well adapted to the capabilities of the actor's talented son that I have engaged him for the part, with the sanction of Miss Dauvray. The piece is a comedy of the Robertsonian school, full of humor and dramatic variety. In addition to Mr. Sothern's part, it is suited to the talents of a good comedy company. I shall make no effort to keep the Lyceum Theatre open during the summer, but will open the house for a preliminary season, in September, with The Great Pink Pearl, by Cecil Raleigh, who is to come over and stage manage the piece. A special company will be engaged for the production, as I intend reserving my own company for the opening of the regular season in November."

The Denver (Col.) Play.
The New York *Mirror*'s Memorial Monument Fund continues to grow like the green bay tree. It has now reached \$4,186.85.

The Mirror Memorial Monument Fund.

Amount Subscribed, - \$4,275.10

A brief summary of the work in connection with THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund may not be uninteresting now that the subscription is practically at an end. When it is borne in mind that nearly \$4,300 has been raised by voluntary subscriptions on the part of the profession and its friends in the comparatively brief period of eight weeks, all concerned have reason to be greatly satisfied with the result.

The Editor of THE MIRROR sent out an appeal through this paper on Jan. 8 last for \$2,500, the amount needed to complete the monument. Charles L. Willamier, of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, was the first subscriber. H. C. Mineo was the first manager, Emile Lascelles the first actress, Thomas C. Orndorf, of Worcester, Mass., the first MIRROR correspondent, and the Romany Rye combination the first company to subscribe to the Fund.

The following are some of the stars who have contributed: R. B. Mantell, Agnes Herndon, John T. Raymond, Fanny Davenport, Kate Castleton, Edward Harrigan, Cora Tanner, Edwin Arden, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Nobles, Phosa McAllister, Graham Earle, Maggie Mitchell, Kitty Rhoades, Joseph Haworth, C. A. Gardner, Augusta Van Doren, Helen Dauvray, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Ezra F. Kendall, Mrs. W. J. Florence, Florence Bindley, Henry Irving, Dan Sully, Neil Burges, Henry T. Chanfrau, Edwin F. Mayo, Joseph Murphy, Mme. Janauschek, Minnie Maddern, Gus Williams, Adelaide Moore, Patti Rosa, Roland Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Byron, Rachel McAuley, Frank Mayo, J. R. Grismer, Helene Adell and Benjamin Maginley.

The members of the companies mentioned below have contributed to the Fund: R. B. Mantell company, Casino company, Romany Rye company, Ulric Akerstrom company, Margaret Mather company, John T. Raymond company, Fanny Davenport company, Casino Travelling company, We, Us & Co, Kate Castleton company, Arthur Rehan's company, Harrigan's Park Theatre company, Atkinson and Cook company, Alone in London company, Edwin Arden company, Milton Nobles company, Taken from Life company, Graham Earle company, Two Johns company, Maggie Mitchell company, Michael Strogoff company, Hoodman Blind company, Mrs. D. P. Bowers' company, Held by the Enemy company, W. J. Florence company, Heroine in Rags company, W. H. Power's Ivy Leaf company, Little's World company, Dan Sully's company, Daly's Theatre company, Chanfrau company, Edwin F. Mayo company, Joseph Murphy company, Minnie Maddern company, Gus Williams company, Fantasma company, Light o' London company, Silver King company, Losi in London company, Patti Rosa company, Sparks company, Gilmore's Devil's Auction company, Oliver Edward company, Frank Mayo company, Gismer-Davies company, Melville Sisters company, Helene Adell company and May Blossom company. Besides these seventy or eighty more companies are represented by individual subscriptions.

A. M. Palmer, Frank W. Sanger, H. C. Miner and Henry E. Abbey are among the managerial contributors whose names appear on the list. The attaches of theatres in Brooklyn, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Worcester and elsewhere gave substantial aid, as did the Benevolent Elks, the ever active and generous correspondence corps of THE MIRROR, and a large number of playgoers friendly to professional interests. Annie Wood has already been highly commended for her laudable, persistent and successful efforts in behalf of this object.

There have been altogether nearly fifteen hundred subscribers to THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund.

We have received since our last issue the following additional subscriptions:

Maud Peters,	\$1.00
Miss Charles Peters,	1.00
Louise Ripley,	1.00
Griffith Morgan,	1.00
Total,	\$4.00
Previously acknowledged,	4,275.10
Total amount subscribed to date,	\$4,275.10

THEY HAVE COME TO THE FRONT.

Francisco Music and Drama.

Henry Grey Fiske, the editor of THE NEW MIRROR, made an appeal to the theatrical profession on the 8th of January, through the medium of his popular journal, for contributions amounting to \$5,000, which were required to complete the Memorial Monument for the Actors' Fund in Evergreen Cemetery. In the issue of THE MIRROR of the 8th instant, Mr. Fiske announced that the profession responded almost spontaneously to his appeal, and not only has the amount asked for been received, but \$600 additional—the total contributions, within four weeks, amounting to \$3,191.50. The surplus amount, and whatever further contributions may be received, will go toward placing a permanent headstone above each of the graves in the Fund plot.

Mr. Fiske, who is the Secretary of the Actors' Fund, was ably seconded in this worthy movement by his staff of correspondents throughout the country. Nearly one thousand persons contributed to THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund. W. C. Deale, of the Grismer-Davies company, is the only California whose name appears on the list of contributors. J. D. Maxwell, the local correspondent for THE MIRROR, says in his letter to Janus, "that he had placed a subscription-blank in the box-offices of each of the theatres, and one manager promised to interest himself in raising any amount that might be named. It is to be hoped that the profession of this city will do something toward the Fund, for it is about time. It is five years ago since the first contribution was made to the Fund, and since that time the amount received has increased annually, the amount being only equalled by the influence and modesty of the organ of the profession—such is journalism and the members of the dramatic profession in America. They are workers and givers of, and not talkers of, charity, or noble conduct.

WORKERS, NOT TALKERS.

New York Union.

Grant's Monument Committee should call at THE NEW YORK MIRROR office and find out from its editor how to get funds to build a monument. A few weeks back THE NEW YORK MIRROR called for subscriptions to build a monument to be placed in the burial lot of the Actors' Fund and in four weeks the editor received over \$3,000. The amount is still increasing. The amount of the givers and their liberality being only equalled by the influence and modesty of the organ of the profession—such is journalism and the members of the dramatic profession in America. They are workers and givers of, and not talkers of, charity, or noble conduct.

BROOKLYN TIMES.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR's Memorial Monument Fund continues to grow like the green bay tree. It has now reached \$4,186.85.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has succeeded in raising the amount necessary to erect the memorial shaft for the

Actors' Fund plot in Evergreen Cemetery. The sum was raised by subscriptions. The work was a noble one, for which THE MIRROR deserves all praise.

A MEMORABLE JOURNALISTIC FEAT.

Washington (D. C.) Public Opinion.

The remarkable success of THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund has excited widespread comment. The press allude to it as a memorial journalistic feat, and pay just tribute to the proverbial generosity of the profession as exemplified by this incident.

Gossip of the Town.



Lois Fuller's picture appears above. The return of the popular little soubrette to the Bijou stage is a subject for congratulation.

Charles Gayler has completed a melodrama of New York life.

New York has more new theatres on paper than ever before.

Marie Steers has been engaged as soubrette with W. J. Scanlan.

The Sunday evening concerts at the Casino will be resumed in April.

Marguerite Saxon has left George C. Miln's company and returned to the city.

Patrice left the city this week for Kansas City, where she rejoins Roland Reed.

May Blossom opened the new Opera House at Port Clinton, Ohio, on Tuesday night.

Henry E. Abbe's office will be removed tomorrow (Friday) to No. 1286 Broadway.

Ethel Brandon has left Arthur Rehan's company and been replaced by Adele Waters.

Emily Yeaman has been engaged by Mart Hanley for Harrigan's Park Theatre for next season.

Jacqueline recently vanished the champion swordsmanship of the United States Army in San Francisco.

Frank C. Cooper, manager and agent, is in the city disengaged. Mr. Cooper was formerly a journalist.

Carrie Tuttle is to go starring in a new play for the comedy part in which Charles Coote has been engaged.

J. F. Hartley, at one time on the *Herald*, and recently with Kellar the Magician, is in the city for a few weeks.

Genevieve Ward will play her last engagement in this city this season at the Windsor Theatre, opening March 28.

Aaron Appleton has been engaged by Will Cowper to manage Blackmail, which resumes its tour in April at Baltimore.

William Daly, formerly with The Little Tycoon company, has been engaged as the manager of the Bijou Opera House.

Over \$10,000 was taken in during the first hour of the sale of Bernhardt season tickets at the Star Theatre on Monday morning.

Julius Cahn has been engaged by John A. Stevens as business manager and advance agent of the Passing Shadows company.

It is rumored that Joseph Haworth will go starring next season in the legitimate and under the management of William R. Hayden.

Ed. Chapman will open at Norwalk, Conn., to-morrow (Friday) night in The Two Tramps, under the management of Chapman and Sellers.

Tony Williams, of the Corinne company, asks us to state that he has not been married to Nellie Austin, of Philadelphia, or anybody else.

The report that Rhea would shortly close her season is contradicted by Owen Ferree, the lady's manager, who writes that his star is booked up to June.

Manager James E. Fennessy, of Cincinnati, is in the city at present arranging for the early production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Ruddygore, at Heuck's Opera House.

E. Brooks

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Items: The Museum keeps up its standard. Dick Gorham's Conrad played to nearly the capacity of the house last week. Stranglers of Paris 7, week. The Adelphi is always not troubled by large audiences and many Broadway entertainments large audiences last week. Marisol's Comedy, whose previous engagement was a success, returned 7.—It leaked out a few days ago that Margaret Mather was quietly married to Emil Haberkorn, at St. John's Church here. This lady has of late called Buffalo her home, having purchased a house for her mother on Fourteenth street.

OSWEGO.

Academy of Music (John R. Pierce, manager): Clark's Female Minstrels played to an almost empty house, and McCann's Opera co. in. The same, filled the same. Busch of Keys 4.

AUERBACH.

Academy of Music (E. J. Matson, manager): Feb. 10, Clark's Female Minstrels gave a very bad entertainment to a small audience of males. Charles A. Gardner in Karl, the Puddler, made a great hit before a good-sized house 4. Support very good.

LOCKPORT.

Opera House (John Dodge, manager): Charles A. Gardner played Karl the Puddler to big business 3. His singing pleased all. Many encores and a call for the curtain. Advance sale unusually large, and due weather to boot.

BINGHAMTON.

Opera House (J. E. Clark, manager): Fortune's Fool was presented by Louise Ral in Inside Track, and Clark's Female Minstrels, whose previous engagement was a success, returned 7.—It leaked out a few days ago that Margaret Mather was quietly married to Emil Haberkorn, at St. John's Church here. This lady has of late called Buffalo her home, having purchased a house for her mother on Fourteenth street.

UTICA.

Opera House (H. H. Day, manager): McCullough's Opera co. in Black House, \$3; \$750 house. Well received. Main Line co. 4-5; poor business. Deserved better.

Cay Opera House (W. Wright, manager): Sheehan and Coyne's Crocus' Elevation drew crowded houses 3-5. The play is a good one of its kind. W. J. Mack in A Tin Box 7, week.

SYRACUSE.

Westing Opera House (P. H. Lehman, manager): McCullough's Opera co. sang Black Hussar and Falika 1-2, large audiences. Jasenach 11-12.

Grand Opera House (Jacobs and Proctor, manager): George C. Boniface in Streets of New York drew well last week. Frank I. Fayre's week of 7. Castle King 14, week.

Cal Wagner's Theatre: The Kelly-Murphy co. did an excellent business past week. Rightmire's Comedy co. week of 7.

KELMIRA.

Opera House (W. E. Bardwell, manager): Conklin's Opera co. in Gypsy Baron 3; large house. The co. was large and well trained, and scenery exquisite.

Maddon Avenue Theatre (W. C. Smith, manager): Louis Pons in equities 2-3; Fair 3-5; light business. Marie Prentiss in Czech, Galatas and Imagine, 4-5; fair sized audiences.

Whiffie! I have it direct that John Temperton and Richard Stahl will put an opera co. on the road next season. They will produce a repertoire of popular operas, and a new opera called Said Pasha, of which Scott Martie is the adapter.

MATTEAWAN.

Opera House (W. S. Dibble, proprietor): Last week Claire Scott played three nights to fair business. Temperton's Opera co., \$10, Mikado, 2.

Nerves: A stranger came to town and advertised for an attraction to open the New Opera House, Fishkill-on-Hudson. Edith A. Sinclair's Box of Cash co. came to play at paroxysms, and found a small hall up two long, narrow flights of stairs. They surveyed the empty hall and listened to comments till nine o'clock, and then adjourned to the Diddie-Oop House to be entertained by Claire Scott. The "new" manager fled from the wrath to come, leaving board, printing bills, etc., unpaid.

GOLOVERVILLE.

Opera House (A. J. Kason, manager): Busch of Keys 5; well received; good business.

MORNELLISVILLE.

Shattock Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): Marie Prentiss, supported by R. D. McLean and an excellent co., presented Pygmalion and Galatas, 3.

Temperton's, though a small co., delighted with both play and cast. Goodman's Blind (Gordon) 4, 11.

ROCHESTER.

Theatre of Music (Monte and Proctor, managers): Last week the Dowling-Hanson co. appeared in Never Say Die and Nobody's Claim to packed houses. T. H. week. George C. Boniface in Streets of New York. Mont. Frank Fayre.

Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehman, manager): Stanley May's Kindergarten attracted light business last week. Nellie Powers' singing was very pleasing. White Slave, 2.

CINCINNATI.

Opera House (A. Z. Neff, manager): Power's Ivy Leaf to good house 1. The comedy was fine, the co. good, and the entertainment highly enjoyed.

WATERPORT.

Opera House (Charles Gates, manager): W. H. Power's Ivy Leaf to good house 1. The comedy was fine, the co. good, and the entertainment highly enjoyed.

GOVANDA.

Opera House (J. Van Londen, manager): A. R. Wilmer's Drama Co. of Feb. 12, the largest business in the history of the house. Business proved every night during the week. The show was being Mr. Wilmer's home, his friends (of which he has many) felt a great desire to see what kind of a co. he managed. Although playing at low prices, Mr. Wilmer pays good salaries, and so secures No. 5 talent. Every member of the co. is good. This being their ninetieth-fifth successive week without a single performance, is an excellent record.

Friends: Mr. Wilmer started in the theatrical business but a few years ago as a stage agent, and is now proprietor of two companies, both doing a large business. He puts another on the road in March.

Item: The co. was very nicely externalized after the performance Saturday evening by Mrs. Weigand, proprietress of the Union House.

SARATOGA.

Futura Music Hall (Futura, manager): The Star Dramatic co. gave a week's entertainment of high order to good audiences. Every one well pleased. Moore and Vivian 7; large house; fairly received.

Town Hall: In the Trenches is booked for 17 and Beatrice Lieb for 19.

OLEAN.

Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): Lights of London 1; fair house.

Marie's Hair (C. Mayer, manager): Love's Ideal Co. continue its management of Feb. 28, for the benefit of the E. C. L. fair houses. The co. was nearly stranded. This last week's business may help it along for a short time.

OHIO.

DAYTON. The Grand (Riley, Schaefer, manager): That handsome and romantic actor, Freddie Burton, has two large audiences Feb. 28, March 1, in Forgives. The vocabulary of adjectives descriptive of Bryton's naturalness and the merits of Forgives has been so drained that little remains for a provincial man. Suffice it to state, however, that two seasons ago he played here to about 1,000 people, now he returns for two nights and plays to an audience of 1,000 every seat in the theatre. James O'Neill in Monte Cristo 5; light business. The production was the same as during his previous visits. diameter was given 3; only a fair-sized audience—about \$600 less than Monte Cristo had been repeated. Stetson's U. T. C. works two bands, two teams, two frenzies, etc., 5; top-heavy house.

TOLEDO. Wheeler's Opera House (S. W. Brady, manager): The Floy Crowell Dramatic co. week of 28. Good house. Of the support, S. K. Chester and Thomas E. Shea were leaders. The comedy was well done by C. Ed. Dudley, Hardie-Von Leef co. 18-19.

NEWCASTLE.

Part Opera House (M. H. Richardson, manager): Night Off; fair house. The play was well received and gave good satisfaction. Lights of London 4; small house. Good and scenery fine. Kindergarten 15, Bunch of Keys 18.

Aiken's Opera House (R. M. Allen, manager): Amy Gordon Opera co. week of 28, to only average business. Co. fair.

Items: John Horner, one of our burnt cork artists, has gone to Franklin.

FRANKLIN. The Grand (Riley, Schaefer, manager): That handsome and romantic actor, Freddie Burton, has two large audiences Feb. 28, March 1, in Forgives.

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Stetson's U. T. C. works two bands, two teams, two frenzies, etc., 5; top-heavy house.

ALLENTOWN. Music Hall (Kilwood, Schaefer, manager): Love and Law, by Milton and Dolley Nobles, Feb. 28. Mr. Nobles is surrounded by an excellent co., who presented the play in good style. Patronage was not as good as the merits of the co. and play deserved. The well worn U. T. C. (above) drew its usual good business 5.

Academy of Music (B. J. Hargrave, manager): Gus Hill's World of Novelties drew full house 1. This co. is composed of excellent artists, who in their specialties kept the house in good humor. This week, Sallie Hilton.

TITUSVILLE. Emery and Lake terminate their business with Shepard's Night Off at the Academy of Music 5. Amy Gordon Opera co. week of 14.

OIL CITY. Opera House (Kane and Rogers, managers): The Floy Crowell Dramatic co. week of 28. Good house. Of the support, S. K. Chester and Thomas E. Shea were leaders. The comedy was well done by C. Ed. Dudley, Hardie-Von Leef co. 18-19.

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Stetson's U. T. C. works two bands, two teams, two frenzies, etc., 5; top-heavy house.

WILLIAMSPORT. Academy of Music (William G. Elliott, proprietor; Rock's Band Concert 1; fair sized and very apprecia-

tive audience. Mattie Vickers in Chorus 4; good sized and highly elated audience. Lights of London 10. Sol Smith Russell 14, Bunch of Keys 16, Goodman Blind 21, W. J. Scanlan 24.

BRADFORD. Wagner Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): Almee came 1; good business. Lights of London 2; good scenery and fair co.; very large audience. Comedies 1; Goodman Blind 9-10, Sawtelle Comedy 10-14.

Tip: Wagner and Reis have leased the Park Opera House, Erie, Pa., for a term of years, and will resent and expand considerable money in various improvements.

BUTLER. Opera House (J. I. McCandless, manager): Charles was lectured 1; poor house.

Items: The new Looker Opera House is completed; W. C. Thompson Minstrels opened the new Evans City Opera House Feb. 26; good business.

KANE. Opera House (John Griffith, proprietor): Ida Vernon's Novelty co. 1; fair house. Performance failed to give satisfaction; some of the specialties very poorly rendered.

Item: The new Looker Opera House is completed; W. C. Thompson Minstrels opened the new Evans City Opera House Feb. 26; good business.

WARREN. Library Hall (Wagner and Reis, managers): Lights of London 3; fair business; full satisfaction. Kellar 25-26.

JOHNSTOWN. Opera House (Weaver and Jordan, managers): Daniel Kelly in Shamus Detective 5; fair house and best of satisfaction. Two Johns 11, Union 15-16, under auspices of G. A. R. L. Lizzie Kruger of the Johnstown Dramatic co., cast for Jarvis Section 17-19.

GRADY. Grand Opera House (George Dashwood, manager): Fan-tasia Feb. 25-26; large business; general satisfaction.

READING. Grand Opera House (George Dashwood, manager): The Maggie Harold co., during week of Feb. 28, presented The Great Divorce Case, Between Two Fires, Colleen Brown, Aurora Floyd, A Cure for the Blues and Pygmalion and Galatea; fair business. Margaret Mathier 14, Messenger from Jarvis Section 17-19.

LANSING. Fulton Opera House (Edwin Becker, proprietor): Jane Compton, supported by a good stock co. of 2d, presenting Bleak House, Engaged, Camille, Lady of Lyons, etc. Business light.

JOHNSONTOWN. Opera House (John Griffith, proprietor): The Hyer Sisters in Out of Bondage, a small and nice piece. Creditable concert. Horace Lewis followed a return date in Monte Cristo to average business. As the Count de Monte Cristo, Mr. Lewis gave his usual fine impersonation, while his libretto is not quite up to the mark.

ITEMS: The Guarantees change f.r. Rhein 17-19.

REEDSBURG. Grand Opera House (John Griffith, proprietor): The Hyer Sisters in Out of Bondage, a small and nice piece. Creditable concert.

Items: The Guarantees change f.r. Rhein 17-19.

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 MR. JAMES O'NEILL having purchased the late
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 from Mr. John Stetson, the validity of whose title and
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 States Courts, the performance of Charles Fechter's ver-
 sion of **MONTE CRISTO** by any person other than
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will be a flagrant violation of the law, and the trans-
 gressor who performs the same, and any person therein
 aiding, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor.

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 Attorneys for James O'Neill.

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 will be given in the Lyceum Theatre, March 23, at 2.30
 P. M., in the Mrs. Dorson's adaptation of Molire's "Les
 Priseuses Ridicules" (first time in America), scenes from
 Leah and Adrienne and The Cape Mail will be produced.

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HOMIE, HIM AND HER.

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PALMA is sprightly and vivacious and possesses dramatic genius.—Albany Express.

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Having concluded a most successful engagement with the Clio Company, has returned to the city and is open for engagements for next season.

WHAT THE LEADING PAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES SAY:

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, in the title-role, showed crudeness in her manner, the time disclosed in the play was beyond the fable of which actresses are made. Her delineation full of tenderness for her father and love for Fabian in the earlier scenes was in fine dramatic contrast with the brazen air and dégagé stride of the courtesan the play unfolds in the fourth act. Her performance in this act was full of sustained power, and the closing of the third act was saved from disaster by the actress, who fairly snatched victory from failure by a brilliant bit of stage business.—*New York Dramatic Mirror*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, as Clio, looked the part to per-

fection, and acted with a fire and spirit that captivated her audience.—*Boston Advertiser*.

Miss Johnstone possesses sufficient ability to make an actress worthy the name. She has a magnificent voice, beautiful face and form, and a grace that is irresistible.—*Omaha Excelsior*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone made a beautiful Clio, excelling in the love scenes. In voice and figure she reminds one of Mary Anderson.—*St. Paul Globe*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, as Clio, has grace, youth and beauty, and is simple, earnest and effective. In her Greek costume she was a charming picture of classic love-

liness, and the heroine model made a model heroine.—*Washington Herald*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone and Fabian were the favorites of the evening.—*New York Herald*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone made a positive hit as Clio. She acted with genuine force throughout, and in the fourth act added conspicuously to the voluptuousness of the scene.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, who reminds us of Mary Anderson, gave a fine, intelligent performance of Clio.—*Kansas City Times*.

Miss Johnstone is more than equal to all demands made upon her.—*Washington Republic*.

Miss Johnstone gave a charming portrayal of the title-role.—*Chicago Times*.

Pretty and picturesque, Miss Johnstone acted with great intelligence and notable animation as Clio.—*Boston Gazette*.

Miss Johnstone, who looks like Mary Anderson, was attractive, intelligent and sympathetic as Clio.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Miss Johnstone made an excellent impression. A beautiful woman by nature, she conveys and carries out the author's idea as very few women would be capable of doing in the fourth act. She runs away above the capacity of the stock actress, and became for the moment a star of no mean magnitude.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone possesses some characteristics that remind one of Mary Anderson, not only a resemblance in form and feature, but particularly in voice. She is fairly bubbling over with native power.—*Denver Tribune-Republican*.

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Aug. 29, Bangor, Me. (Open season).
" 30, " "
" 31, Augusta, Me.
Sept. 1, Lewiston, Me.
" 2, Portland, Me.
" 3, " "
" 4, Portsmouth, N. H.
" 5, Manchester, " "
" 6, Concord, " "
" 7, " "
" 8, Keene, " "
" 9, Bellows Falls, Vt.
" 10, Brattleboro, " "
" 11, Fitchburg, Mass.
" 12, Hudson, " "

Sept. 17, Waltham, Mass.
" 19, Chelsea, " "
" 20, Lowell, " "
" 21, " "
" 22, Lawrence, " "
" 23, Haverhill, " "
" 24, " "
" 26, Providence, R. I., one week,
Providence Opera House.
Oct. 3, Fall River, Mass.
" 4, New Bedford, " "
" 5, Brockton, " "
" 6, " "
" 7, " "
" 8, " "
" 10, Attleboro, Mass.
" 11, Lynn, " "

Oct. 12, Lynn, Mass.
" 13, Worcester, Mass.
" 14, " "
" 15, " "
" 17, New York City, two weeks, Nib
lo's Garden.
Nov. 31, Stamford, Ct.
" 1, Danbury, " "
" 2, Waterbury, " "
" 3, Meriden, " "
" 4, Springfield, Mass.
" 5, " "
" 7, Milford, " "
" 8, Woonsocket, R. I.
" 9, Pawtucket, R. I.
" 10, Willimantic, Ct.
" 11-12, New Haven, Ct.

Nov. 14, Brooklyn, N.Y., one week, Grand
Opera House.
" 21, New York City, six weeks, 14th
Street Theatre.
Jan. 2 until 22 company rest.
Jan. 23, Philadelphia, Pa., two weeks,
Chestnut St. Opera House.
Feb. 6, Buffalo, N. Y., one week, Acad
emy of Music.
" 13, Cleveland, O., one week, Euclid
Avenue Opera House.
" 20, Cincinnati, O., one week, Grand
Opera House.
" 27, Louisville, Ky., one week Mac
aulay's Opera House.
Mar. 4, St. Louis, Mo., one week, Olym
pic Theatre.

Mar. 12, Chicago, Ill., two weeks, McVic
ker's Theatre.
" 26, Detroit, Mich., one week, Grand
Opera House.
April 2, Indianapolis, Ind., one week,
Grand Opera House.
" 9, Pittsburgh, Pa., one week, Bijou
Opera House.
" 16, Brooklyn, N. Y., two weeks,
Grand Opera House.
" 30, Boston, Mass., two weeks, Bos
ton Theatre.
May 14, rest, and en route to California.
July 2, San Francisco, Cal., four weeks,
Baldwin Theatre.
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1887 LONE STAR CIRCUIT 1888

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A new melodrama, by Annie Lewis, was produced at the Grand Opera House last night, for the first time on any stage. It scored an artistic success, and reflects great credit upon the authoress. Calls were made after each act. The play will continue the balance of the week with Saturday matinee.—*The Union, Nashville, Tenn., March 4.*

NOTICE.

Mrs. Theresa Vaughn Mestayer owns the sole and exclusive right to the Satirical, Lyric, Social Lampoon, entitled

TOBOGGANING.

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HOWE & HUMMEL,

Counsel for Mrs. Theresa Vaughn Mestayer.

JOHN P. BLOOM, Manager.

A CARD.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 1, 1887.

We the undersigned members of the Bandmann Company hereby state that the reports of the occurrence on Monday evening, at the Trenton Opera House, were maliciously false. We are all fully aware of the cause from which it emanated and think Mr. Bandmann wholly justified in wishing an understanding with the lady. Some of us were present during the whole affair and can testify that she was a most agreeable and pleasant person under the conduct of said lady unbecoming and unprofessional to the extreme. We are pleased to inform the profession, that our engagement with Mr. Bandmann has been highly satisfactory and that he is a most agreeable manager and amiable friend.

A. R. Brooks, Clay Clement, Frank Landre, W. J. Johnston, T. W. Walther Jr., Robert W. Borstom, Master C. Titus, Genevieve Beaman, Matti Marshall, Violet Elsie, and Bertha Johnson.

P. S. This is a variation copy of the original which is in the hands of Morris Goudhart, Counsellor-at-Law, 41 and 42 William Street, New York.

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In accordance with Sec. 30 of the By-Laws of the Actors' Fund of America, notice is hereby given to the members of the Association that a special meeting will be held at the Rooms of the Fund, 12 Union Square, New York, at 2 p. m. on Thursday, March 31, 1887, for the purpose of considering an amendment to the By-Laws permitting the election of at least five honorary members (to be selected from laymen) each year by the Board of Trustees, By order of

A. M. PALMER, President.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, Secretary.

1887 IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT 1888

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